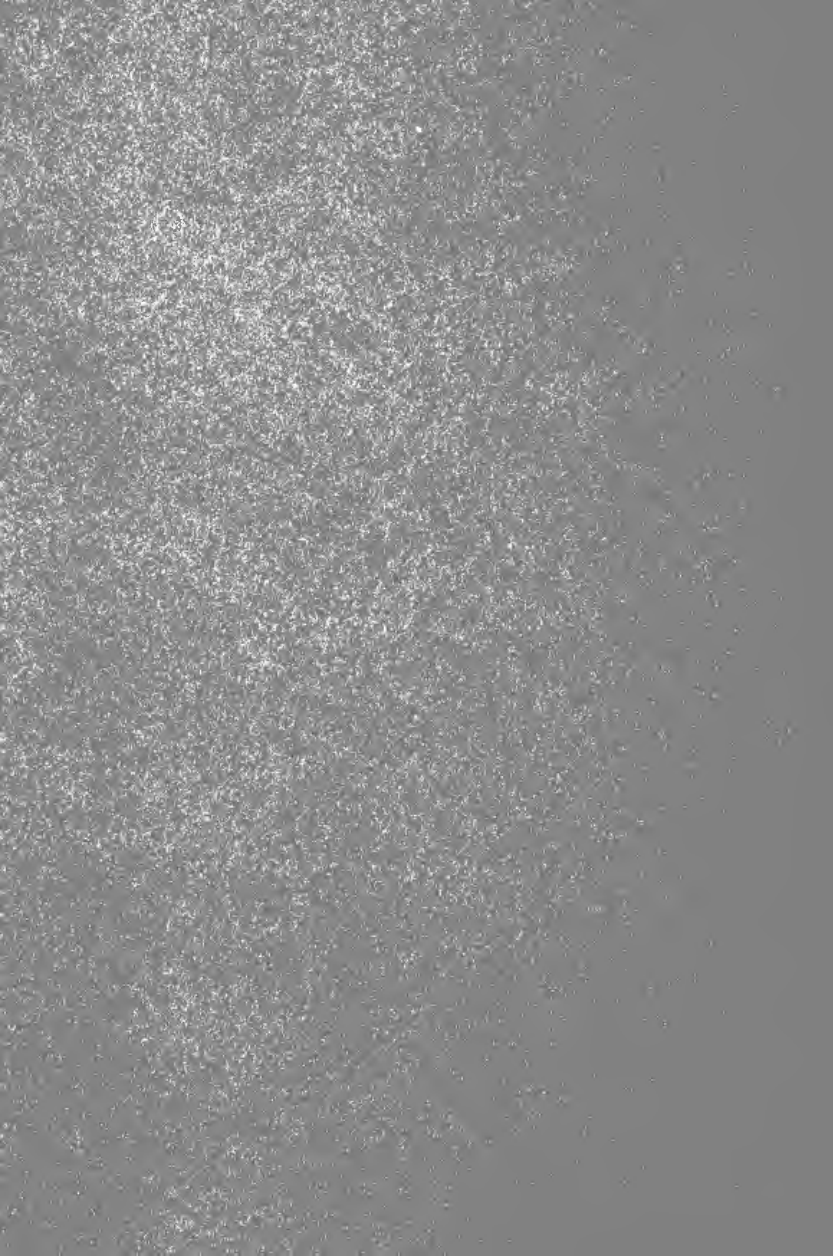




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A DRAMA, IN FOUR ACTS.

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LETTER FROM THE AUTHOR.

MR. PUBLISHER:—In reply to the question, "Are you willing to have your Drama of *Moll Pitcher* published?" I answer, Yes, if you will also print, as a preface, a few explanatory sentences and general remarks.

If a person writes and prints a book, he is supposed to challenge customary literary criticism, and should not complain of its severity, if just.

But if a person writes a play, and presents it to the public on the stage of a theatre, he expects his work to be critically reviewed, by a different class of critics, and according to different rules.

But two of my Dramatic Pieces, to my knowledge, have been printed—one of these two, "*THE CARPENTER OF ROUEN*," without my consent. Among the numerous Dramas produced at the National Theatre, under the management of the late Mr. William Pelby, was one entitled "*MOLL PITCHER*." Aided by the willing exertions of a company of performers of talent, liberal outlay in *really* "new scenery," machinery, and appointments—accessories in these days usually only seen in the play bills, "*Moll Pitcher*" was successful.

It has been played in every State of the Union in which theatrical exhibitions have been given; and, with one or two honorable exceptions, from stolen and mutilated copies of the original.

I have had objections to publishing my plays; one, that they were written to be acted to the people, and not to be read by them; another, that by the publication I lost my ownership, copyright giving no protection against representation upon the stage. As "*Moll Pitcher*" has been often acted without my leave, no doubt, in time, it would be printed without consent being asked. I therefore choose the least of two evils, accord my consent, and in this manner acquaint the critic that the construction of "*Moll Pitcher*" occupied but two or three days; that it is a stage drama, depending for success more upon what is done, and the manner in which the business of the piece is done, than what is said; that its merits, few or many, depend upon its effect in representation, and they will be readily discovered by those competent to decide, when ever a fair trial is given upon the stage.

I cannot forego, if you will permit the space, to refer to the fine acting of the late Mrs. Pelby in this Drama. Her delineation of the "*Fortune Teller*" was unique.

Such of the members of the National company, engaged in its first representation, who still survive, will, even at this late day, receive a renewal of my grateful remembrance of the services rendered on the night of May 20th, 1839.

It is often asked why there is no Standard American Drama. One of the

best answer is, nobody will pay for it. Some managers of theatres, and some principal performers, while pursuing their vocations, and receiving large sums of money from the public, are willing to avail themselves of the product of the brains of the dramatist, but do not consider it necessary to ask or pay for it.

It is not esteemed dishonorable by all, in the way of trade, to use a pirated manuscript, if it can be obtained for less than a true copy from the author could be had.

The American dramatic author has no control over his property if printed.

The "Carpenter of Rouen" has not only been acted in nearly every theatre in America without consent, but also in many of the theatres in Great Britain. The author has never received one dollar of remuneration, except the sum stipulated in the contract for its original production at the National Theatre.

If the law of copyright in plays, and the regulations of a society similar, in some respects, to the Dramatic Authors' Society, in London, had force in America as well as in England, we might have a Home Drama which would become creditable to our literature, and profitable to authors, managers, and actors.

My personal pecuniary interests in this direction are not now engaged. But for the benefit of a new race of dramatic writers, I hope the subject will receive the attention it merits, and that the works of their pens—the inventions of the play-wrights—may be secured to them as property by law, as are the rights of the inventors or improvers of "patent corkscrews" and "bottle stoppers."

Respectfully, yours,

Boston, October, 1855.

J. S. JONES.

TIME OF REPRESENTATION.

| | | |
|----------------------|--|---------------------|
| 1st Act, 50 minutes. | | 3d Act, 24 minutes. |
| 2d " 46 " | | 4th " 30 " |

MOLL PITCHER.

SCENERY.

ACT ONE.

SCENE 1. — Moonlight view of Egg Rock, (Nahant.) 7 G. Slow curtain. Two or three rows rolling waters. Low rock pieces cross stage, 4 G. Set rock, 5 G., L. H. Set rock, 5 G., R. H. Small profile schooner on waters. Small boat with figures in it to leave the vessel, and work off, L. H. Set raking rock and platform, 4 E., L. H. Small set rock, 3 E., R. H. An old boat, bottom up, with a large hole in side for Moll to crawl from under the boat. An old capstan on R. C. An old piece of a wreck in C., 3 G. A canvas down on stage painted to represent the sea shore. Moon lighted Machine to represent the noise of the surf. Half dark.

SCENE 2. — Landscape (view of a village). 1 G.

SCENE 3. — Landscape (High Rock, Lynn). 6 G. An old, dilapidated, antique house on L. H., 3 E., door practical. Vane on it, a black cat, to work. Set well, 3 E., R. C., with well-pole and bucket attached to it, and water in it. Part of a two-story, old fashioned house painted on wing, 1 G., R. H.; near it, to join the wing, a shoemaker's shop, eight feet high, door in it, practical, b'k'd with hut. Sign over door, "Jotham Hook, Shoemaker." A high rock, with return rock and platform, 4 E., R. H. *Quick Act Drop.*

ACT TWO.

SCENE 1. — Local landscape, (Lynn). 1 G.

SCENE 2. — Old-fashioned, antique chamber, 3 and 4 G. D. F. R. H. and L. H., practical, b'k'd with oak chamber. A trap sofa over 3 C. Trap and steps beneath, for Moll to ascend. An old-fashioned secretary, 3 E., L. H., with a ledge, and filled with shelves of books (painted). A secret panel in it, to turn on pivot, and painted on both sides with shelves of books to match the front of secretary. *Quick Act Drop.*

ACT THREE.

SCENE 1. — *Slow Drop up.* Correct view of old Charlestown, bridge, 6 G., Boston, and Charlestown. Sea-cloth down from the flat to ground-piece, 1 G.; as drop goes up, the ground-piece pulls down on rollers, in a line with the proscenium. The bridge runs from 2 E. L., oblique, to flat C., where the continuation of the bridge is painted in perspective on the R. flat, with view of Boston, Beacon Hill, &c., on L. flat. Platform and steps practical on to bridge, 2 E. L., and bridge practical nearly to flat. Lamp posts (on bridge) and lamps; one to take out. Rail to be removed during scene. House painted on wing, 1 E. L. H. Dark horizon wings on R. H. and L. H. Horizon wings to cover the tormenters, R. and L. Sail boat to come on 1 E. R., with one mast and sail. Rudder to boat. Goes off through arch of bridge, and returns again. *Quick Act Drop.*

ACT FOUR.

SCENE 1. — Cabin. 2 G. C. D. used, b'k'd with cabin.

SCENE 2. — Oak chamber. 1 G.

SCENE 3. — Handsome oak panel chamber. 3 and 4 G. C. D. open, b'k'd with same style of scene.

 PROPERTIES.

ACT ONE.

SCENE 1. 7 G. — Wt'n letter for Elliston. An old crutch, cane and sailor's hat for Moll.

SCENE 2. 1 G. — Blk letter for Jotham, Jr. Valise for Maladine.

SCENE 3. 6 G. — An old pail in house. L. H. 3 E. Three large bbls, one with head out, on stage, L. H. Shoemaker's bench in shop, R., on it a set of tools, old shoes, lap-stone, piece of leather, strap, a bottle with piece of candle lighted in it, and leather apron. A gun in house, R., for Jotham. Two wt'n letters for Nabby. Silver dollar for sailor. Sword for Wm. Gray. Whistle for Valdez. Red fire ready, 2 E. R. Pail with water in it attached to well-pole. Old snuff-box for Moll.

ACT TWO.

SCENE 1. 1 G. — Blk letter for Jotham. Ten pairs new shoes for villagers.

SCENE 2. 3 and 4 G. — Table covered, R. H.; on it tumbler of water and a rose in it, books, pens, inkstand, sand-box, sealing wax, two lighted candles. Two books on secretary, L. H. A flagstaff with pike head and a string attached to it against flat to lead under stage. A large bell hung under stage to ring at cues. Old fashioned sofa, with slide in it, over trap, C. Small bell to ring, L. H. 1 E. Lighted lantern and a pair of scissors for Moll. Two pistols, dagger, and a paper for Maladine. Seythe for Jotham under stage.

ACT THREE.

SCENE 1. 6 G. — Fishing line and fish basket with clams in it for fishermen. Half dollar for Valdez. Cigar and matches for Jotham. A fishing line, dark lantern, two oars, a flask, and clams and flatfish in boat for Jotham and Moll. Stuffed stick for Watkins. Stuffed stick, dark lantern, and blk letter for Valdez. A long rope and stone attached on bridge for Valdez. Watch and chain, and two purses for Elliston.

ACT FOUR.

SCENE 1. 2 G. —

SCENE 2. 1 G. — Horseshoe for Jotham. Cane for justice.

SCENE 3. 3 and 4 G. — Tables covered on R. and L.; on them lighted candles, decanters of wine, plates of cakes, eight wine glasses, and plates of fruit. Four chairs on. Sofa, L. H. Spectacles for justice. Four staffs for officers. Large disguise cloak for Elliston. Dagger and blk paper for Maladine. Two pistols, sure fire, for Valdez.

COSTUME. — 1793.

Maladine — First Dress — Black square cut coat; black breeches and vest; white cravat; dark stockings, and black shoes and buckles; black hat; minister's silk robe. *Second Dress* (2d and 4th act) — Colored shirt, petticoat trowsers, red tights, shoes, belt, and the minister's silk gown worn over the dress.

Mr. Gray — Brown coat, breeches, and vest; stockings and shoes; drab hat.

Mr. Elliston — Drab coat, breeches, and vest; stockings, and shoes with buckles; dark hat. Large disguise cloak with hood, 4th act.

Jotham Hook — Dark coat, breeches, red vest; stockings and

shoes; dark hat. *Second Dress*—Red petticoat, gown, shawl, bonnet, and veil.

Jotham Hook, Jr.—Small coat, colored breeches, yellow vest; shoes and stockings; hat; leather apron.

Valdez—Red shirt; petticoat trousers; large, rough boots; sailor's hat. *Second Dress*—(Sc. 3d, Act i.) Countryman's coat, breeches, gaiters, shoes or boots, hat.

Putney—*First Dress*—Same style as Valdez. *Second Dress*—The same.

Mr. Merton—Black coat, breeches, vest; stockings, shoes and buckles; dark hat; minister's black silk cloak.

Zeb—Small coat; breeches; red vest; shoes and stockings; drab hat.

Watkins—Same as Putney.

Rankins—Ibid.

Bill—Sailor's shirt, hat; white duck drawers; shoes

Jack—Ibid.

Tom—Ibid.

Four Sailors—Same as Bill.

Four Pirates—Same as Putney.

Pietro—Same as Putney.

Justice Tonguesend—Old man's brown coat, vest, and breeches; white stockings; shoes and buckles; hat and cane; watch with steel chain and seals.

Citizen—Dark coat, breeches, and vest; brown stockings, and shoes.

Four Constables—Colored coats; breeches; vests; boots; hats

Villagers—Coats; breeches; vests; shoes and hats.

Moll Pitcher—Dark bodice; red petticoat; dark under-dress; shoes and dark stockings; an old red cloak over shoulders; cap and sailor's hat on; iron-gray wig; crutch; cane; spectacles and case; pocket to side, tied with tape round the body.

Rosalie—*First Dress*—Slate-colored silk; dark shoes; bonnet. *Second Dress*—Wedding dress, white muslin.

Mrs. Hook—Calico tuckup; red petticoat; cap; shoes and stockings.

Nabby—Calico tuckup; petticoat; shoes; and straw hat.

Black Woman—Dark petticoat; white skirt gown; shoes, and black stockings.

Bridesmaids—White muslin.

Female Villagers—Calico tuckups; petticoats; dark shoes and straw hats.

MOLL PITCHER.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *Moonlight View of Egg Rock, and the Shore of Nahant; a Vessel at anchor. Set high Rocks. Working Waters. An old Capstern, R. H. 3 E. On L. H. 3 E., an old Boat bottom up. Ground Pieces \times 4 g. Lights $\frac{3}{4}$ down. Slow Curtain. Slow Music.*



Egg Rock.

FLAT, 7 G.



Moon.

Schooner.

Working Waters, 6 G.

Working Waters, 5 G.



Set Rock, High.
5 E. R. H.

Set Rock



5 E. L. H.

Set Piece across the Stage, 4 G.



Set Rock,
3 E. R.

Canvas down, to represent
Sea Shore.



Set Rock.
4 E. L. H.

Small Set  Rock.

 Capstern.

Boat, L. H. 3 E.

Enter WILLIAM GRAY, R. H. 2 E.

William. Still I gaze upon the sea! the minutes of suspense that keep me from the presence of my Rosalie seem as hours: she comes not yet — my messenger is trusty; when shall I see her I love!

JOTHAM HOOK *enters*, L. 2 E.

Jotham. Now! Here I am like a mackerel.

William. Did you convey my note?

Jotham. Like a mail coach! or, more properly, like a man in office, as I am, Mr. Gray; I'm just the thing for a constable, like my name, Hook, — Jotham Hook!

William. Remain at the foot of the rocks. I would have no listeners. If you approach let me know it by a whistle.

Jotham. Whistle! I can whistle like a nightingale! I am not exactly sure, that according to my public functions, as my wife calls them, I ought to go about nights with you in this way. Do I do my duty?

William. Never do worse than I command you, and you will have no cause for regret.

Jotham. (L. II.) Well, Mr. Gray, you have a reputation for being a good man, second only to the minister, and almost as good as his.

William. You mean Mr. Maladine.

Jotham. No doubt of it. His preaching is good for my business — makes the gals' shoes run down to heel. Well, I'll go down to the rocks and wait for you. (*Crosses*, R. II.) I wonder what my wife thinks I am doing. How can she ever know, when I don't know myself? O, now I think of it, Mr. William, if you have any business with me again by letter, remember to put Esquire on besides Jotham Hook, and then my boy Jotham, who is Jotham Hook, Jr., will not open it. Eh! Mr. Gray, what's that coming up the hill? A ghost?

William. Ghost! Nonsense! Has Moll Pitcher turned your brain, too? — you, her neighbor!

Jotham. No, the old hag and I are on good terms, though not intimate. I keep on the right side of her. If you want me, whistle; and if I want you I'll whistle — if I can.

Exit running, R. II.

William. (*Looking off*, L. II.) 'Tis my Rosalie! true-hearted girl, destiny will never divide our loves.

Enter ROSALIE, L. H. 2 E.

Rosalie. Dear William, am I pursued?

William. Fear nothing. Tell me, was it by your father's orders that you left your home and friends, to sojourn in this solitary place?

Rosalie. It was.

William. (R. H.) Have you gained from him the knowledge of any cause that could lead to his sudden revocation of our betrothal?

Rosalie. I could not, dearest William; he silenced all my questions with the same answer: I cannot guess a cause.

William. He knows my history; knew it when he pronounced the happy words that gave me hope to see you mine. We have never spoken aught but truth to each other. Do you think me to be the son of the merchant whose name I bear?

Rosalie. Who else? Maidens are commanded not to reveal what their hearts contain. If their motives are pure, why conceal the truth? 'Tis hypocrisy! a crime which finds no welcome here. With none to hear but thee, William, why should I hesitate to speak what all my acts betray? I love thee, not thy fortunes! Now speak and I will listen.

William. I am the child of a wreck — born on board a ship the property of the man whose name I bear. 'To his generosity do I owe my education and all my future hopes. My parents were lost with all the crew save a black man, a cook — washed by the sea from the vessel in the cabin of which I lay. Tell me, Rosalie, has not some suitor of name asked thee of thy father? Does not my history now present a contrast too great for him to withstand?

Rosalie. I can answer only for myself. My father's will is my duty; without his word I will never wed. If not to thee I give this hand, 'tis mine alone till death.

William. I cannot ask more from thee now. This meeting is against his wish, else he would not send thee from him; (*a boat is seen to leave the schooner, R. H. C., and go off, L. H.*) a boat from yonder vessel has reached the shore; should the passengers land on this side we may be discovered. If this interview is known to your father it will anger him.

Rosalie. I hope he may not know it.

William. Should he question you?

Rosalie. No word that is not truth shall pass my lips, as I live. I would not tell a wilful lie for my life — for thee!

William. I do not doubt it: in a few days I shall leave thee. A prediction made by one to me unknown, in spite of reason, weighs upon my mind.

Rosalie. A prediction?

William. In these words, "Go not to sea, William Gray, until Rosalie Elliston is thine by the church's rites."

Rosalie. A dream, William! or else a waking fancy.

William. Near the Pirate's Den, some time since, at mid-day, I heard the voice that spake the words. I know 'twas human! whose I know not. Have I not cause to believe its meaning? am I not already forbid to see thee?

Rosalie. (L. H.) There must be a cause for this change in my father. I will not believe he will bring unhappiness upon one he loves.

MR. ELLISTON enters, L. H. 2 E., down C., WILLIAM on R. H.,
ROSALIE on L. H.

Elliston. (C.) Nor would I have thee, dear girl. Mr. Gray, did I not advise you to forego your intimacy with Rosalie? Why are you here together?

William. (R. H.) You did advise me, sir; you did not command.

Elliston. I would not be harsh, even in words, unless compelled. I have no right, perhaps, to command you. I did my child.

Rosalie. (L. H.) I deserve the reproach; I have disobeyed, I confess; had I thought —

Elliston. That I watched your steps, you would not have ventured here. I shall ever watch you — protect you from danger in whatever shape it assails you.

William. Danger?

Elliston. Yes, sir, danger! Every hour, every minute that you are near her, there is danger; else why should I retract my promise made, the nature of which you both know?

William. Sir, my pride, by that promise broken, has been deeply wounded. My love for Rosalie has made me bear the smart, if not with humility, with silence. What have I done? I demand to know.

Elliston. Nothing.

Rosalie. Then, dear father, why not forget the past? Your child kneels to you; remove the bar that separates her from her betrothed — her husband, but for thy words.

Elliston. Young man, be content with such reason as I shall give, without further question, and you shall know the cause of my present position.

William. I am! I must be content.

Elliston. 'Tis contained in that letter. I have read it until its words are fixed in my memory, to last with life. Read it aloud; the language will reach no ears but ours, and the secret must remain locked in your breasts as it will in mine.

Rosalie. (*Taking the letter, reads.*) "Let not the promised marriage be solemnized between William Gray and your daughter. If you heed not this warning, the day that follows their bridal night shall be your death-day. The bride and bridegroom, ere the honeymoon be old, shall sleep the sleep of eternity. You know the character: fear the hand that traced it, and made this mark."

William. Now, Rosalie, what think you of the prediction? It is accomplished.

Rosalie. Is it not some playful threat, father? You do not fear it.

Elliston. Alas! I do know the character and the sign. I do fear the hand that traced it, though I thought it had no longer the power that in that scroll is seen.

Rosalie. Who is the person that you fear?

Elliston. Ask no more: time must develop what I cannot speak. Would you marry now?

Rosalie. To endanger your life, my father, never!

William. Have you no clew to bring to light this concealed enemy, and prevent the intended crime.

Elliston. No; I shall consult Mr. Maladine. I am not acquainted with him, but report speaks loudly of his wisdom

and piety. He shall advise me ; with other measures which already I have privately undertaken.

Rosalie. Consult Moll Pitcher.

Elliston. Are you, too, a votary of that superstition that leads the rich as well as poor, the wise and ignorant, to seek future knowledge of the fortune teller.

Rosalie. I have never visited her house of mystery. — (*Aside.*) But I will to-night.

Elliston. There are men among the rocks ; we will go into the town. The carriage is ready ; come, Rosalie. (*Crosses over, L. II.*)

William. I will meet you at your house. I have a friend waiting for me at the beach.

Rosalie. Ride with us, William.

Elliston. You forget you must be separated until the writer of that sentence is discovered and your safety is certain. I tell you 'tis no idle threat ; come.

Rosalie. Farewell, William — good night ! we may meet in thought ; you will be ever present in my mind.

Elliston. Come, Rosalie.

Exeunt Elliston and Rosalie, L. II. 2 E.

William. Am I deceived ? Is this some trick to take her from me, or is it some snare set to catch me in an evil toil ? Quiet as I may seem, something prompts me here to array myself against the scheme which would seem to hurry me from duty. I will not tamely give her up ! If any man dare come between me and my hopes, my life or his must decide the question which fate is busy with. Can she be a party to the deceit, if such there be ? I deserve to lose her for the thought ! I will follow her like her own shadow ; I will heed the prediction. I will not leave her till she is mine alone.

Musie. *Exit William, L. II. 2 E.* A pause ; a figure is seen creeping from under the boat enveloped in an old sail-cloth — a sailor's hat upon her head ; she looks cautiously about, and watches the side William went off.

(4)

Moll. A good night's work. I know it now ; I need not write it down ; my memory is my book ; though it be covered

with lines of events, I can read all clear. Why do I prow! around among these rocks in storms and calms, with my gray hairs clinging to my head, wet with the sea spray, or streaming out, the sport of the hurricane? Men know it not — men! fools! they call me witch, and ask what devil it is that helps me. The same devil that builds cities and makes men rule as slaves their fellows — knowledge. When I tell these mortals the secrets they think the moon and earth alone have listened to, will they not join the cry — She deals with the devil? What devil? My eyes! my ears! ha! ha! ha! my ears.

Slow, cautious music.

Valdez. (*Without, L. H. U. E.*) Hallo!

Moll goes up, looks off, L. U. E., then returns to her place of concealment under the boat, L. H. 3 E.

VALDEZ enters halloing from L. H. U. E.

Valdez. Mate, there, hallo! (*Sits on the boat, L. H. 3 E.*) No harm in laying to a bit; I don't like this shore work.

Enter PUTNEY, L. H. U. E., MOLL watching them from under boat.

Putney. (R. H. C.) What are you stopping for?

Valdez. (L. C.) I was waiting for you; this old boat seemed to invite me to sit down and rest, and so I did.

Putney. Where's the captain?

Valdez. He's safe in town by this time. He's a deep one. I wonder what there is in Lynn that he has so much fancy for? Do you think he wants to run away with a cargo of shoes?

Putney. One pair of shoes, with a pretty pair of legs in them, I know he wants. Come, let's shove off the boat.

Valdez. Don't be in a hurry. These quiet folks of Lynn don't suspect what gentlemen we are; since the days of old Veal, the pirate, they have not had such visitors as we are. Do you remember orders?

Putney. Yes; that is not particular, except that we are to sail by daybreak to-morrow for Boston, and land our lumber just above the bridge.

Valdez. Our stay in Lynn is to be short. We shall fall in with the captain, somewhere about Wood End, and we are not

to lose sight of him. We must pay Moll Pitcher a visit, to see what luck we shall have. I suppose we shall find the old hag at home to-night.

Putney. You don't believe her nonsense, do you?

Valdez. I wouldn't go in a ship she had a spite against. Do you know the gal's name that's to come aboard?

Putney. I should know it if I heard it. The captain don't go with us to Boston, does he?

Valdez. No, but the captain's lady will. Come, let's head the boat; it's a long walk over the beach; I don't see why we couldn't row up to town.

Putney. If we are in a hurry we can borrow a boat t'other side.

Valdez. Don't forget the young man. Captain says he is a romantic fellow — likes to watch by moonlight; if we take him along, too, we are to chain him in the cave on the south side, and when the tide rises, he will have a good chance to drown. But that's none of our business. If the sea drowns him, we can't help that. Come. (*Singing.*) "Blow high! blow low!"

Putney. Den't sing; come on.

Exeunt, R. H. 2 E.

Moll, who has been watching the sailors during the scene, now comes from under boat, and comes down front.

Moll. Pirates and smugglers! I thought as much. There is a mystery here on which life depends. I must cross the bay in my skiff, before they reach the town over the beach, to meet the crowd of fools who come to know their fates, or buy good fortune of Moll Pitcher! Do I not hold sway over these sons of the sea, who will not spread a sail till Moll Pitcher's blessing is given, whose curse they fear worse than the gale that bears death and ruin over their watery road? Come, dupe the altar of folly is at High Rock! For what am I a priest for the world's idol — money! which will give me power to revenge and punish! One lives that I hope to punish for a deed of youth; a helpless girl was his victim. If Heaven is just — Heaven? Let this arm be the avenger of this body's wrongs.

Exit, R. H. 2 E.

SCENE II. — *A Landscape.* 1 G. $\frac{1}{2}$ dark.

Enter JOTHAM HOOK, L. H. 1 E.

Jotham. I wouldn't have such another run for a small fortune, I'll be skinned if I would! What in the name of man did Mr. Gray want me to cross Long Beach for? And me to go and leave my dear wife and Jotham alone all night! No matter; that's all over now. I'm in sight of my own house, and there's the light burning for me. (*Goes, R. H.*) I must go to shoemaking.

Jotham, Jr. (Sings, without, L. H.)

Jotham. Eh! Who's this?

JOTHAM HOOK, JR., enters, L. H. 1 E., in uniform, a little inebriated.

Jotham, Jr. Halt! advance in line. My eyes are as tight in my head as a lady's slipper number 3 on a number 6 foot! Heads up!

Jotham. Jotham Hook —

Jotham, Jr. Jr. That's me, sir. What do you want, father? Ah! Heads up, like a hammer handle, as you say.

Jotham. What have you been about?

Jotham, Jr. Chose in captain of a company; had a letter last night, — that is, last night if it is to-morrow yet; so I borrowed a uniform, and went to the tavern to have the high.

Jotham. Jotham Hook! is your name Jotham Hook, Esq? It is I, sir, that was chosen! Where's the letter?

Jotham, Jr. In my pocket; here it is — Jr. on the outside look there.

Jotham. Jr.? Esq. — E. S. Q. — there it is.

Jotham, Jr. (L. H.) Well, I thought it was Jr.; so did mother; she fixed me all up nice. I found out, after we got together, that it was a mistake, and the fellers thought it was such a good joke that they all stood treat. Father, what makes you Esquire any more than I am? I'm of age to trade for myself. I should like it looked into.

Jotham. What makes me Esquire? (*Pauses.*) I'm a person of consequence, and a constable!

Jotham, Jr. Then mother ought to be an Esquire, for she is a person of consequence.

Jotham. (R. H.) Now, for the last time, I warn you not to open any letters, without first showing them to me. You'll get into a fix.

Jotham, Jr. Then don't you open any without first showing them to me. You'll get into a fix.

Jotham. Go home, sir, or I'll put you into the pound. And another thing, none of your going with the gals into Moll Pitcher's, a fortune-hunting. Mind your work and your mother.

Jotham, Jr. Mother! I do mind her, father. Squire Hook, Moll has told mother something about you that has made her jealous.

Jotham. How do you know?

Jotham, Jr. 'Cause a gal came to have a pair of shoes made, and was waiting for you to come and measure her; but mother said if there was any measuring to be done, she could do it.

Jotham. My wife loves me — so afraid of my affections she won't let me work on women's shoes. Go home, or I'll ship you for a whaling voyage. You are a bad boy — don't take after your father at all! You are a Hook without an eye, — an end without a bristle, — an awl without a point, — a shoe without a sole! What do you ever do that comes to good? Your mother has spoiled you!

Jotham, Jr. I can read a newspaper and make a shoe, all at once, put in old leather into new shoes, and ——

Jotham. Poh! go home. Here comes a stranger — a traveller; I must find out who it is.

MALADINE enters, R. H., 1 E., with Valise.

Maladine. (R. H.) Good evening, friend; you are out late.

Jotham. Yes, sir. Why, it is the minister! Shall I carry your valise?

Maladine. No, my dear friend; I never allow any person to do for me what I can readily do for myself. How fares the poor man that was saved from the wreck just before I left town?

Jotham. Your charity saved his life ; he does nothing but speak your name. It was good in you to help a stranger ; it was, by mighty.

Maladine. 'Twas my duty : you would have done the same.

Jotham, Jr. The gal that broke her leg, falling off a cherry tree, stealing cherries on a Sunday —

Maladine. Is not dead, I hope ?

Jotham, Jr. O, no, sir ; she's got well and spunky agin. Moll Pitcher cured her ; nobody else would, 'cause she hurt her Sunday — stealing, too.

Jotham. My son, sir, Jotham Hook.

Jotham, Jr. Jr., to save mistakes.

Jotham. Go home. (*Jotham, Jr., crosses over to R. H.*)

Maladine. You are a neighbor of Miss Pitcher's ?

Jotham, Jr. (R. H.) Miss Pitcher ; how polite the minister is ! Squire Pitcher next.

Maladine. (c.) Have you a moment's leisure ?

Jotham. (L. H.) Always at leisure to serve you. (*Crosses to c.*) Jotham, go home, and when I come be sure I find you at work.

Jotham, Jr. Yes, sir. I must mind him afore the minister. Good day, sir ; if your shoes want mending, I will mend 'em for nothing, if father will find stock. That's a hint for father's generosity. May want the minister to marry me.

Crosses, R., and is beaten off, R., by Jotham.

Maladine. You have opportunities of knowing the circumstances of most of the people of the town. The rich I know, but not the poor, — not all of them. I place in your hands this purse, to dispose of as your wisdom may think best : relieve distress wherever you find it ; give it where 'tis most needed.

Jotham. (R. H.) Yes, sir, as you say, I know most every body.

Maladine. This famous fortune teller, do you know her ?

Jotham. Moll Pitcher ! yes, sir ; know her as well as my dinner-pot ; bad woman ! I believe if you were to get her mad, she would swear at you ; she would, by mighty !

Maladine. Yet it seems she has a good heart. She, like the good Samaritan, poured oil into the wound of every one that has done wrong.

Jotham. No, she cured the gal with witchcraft ; didn't use any oil ; witch's grease, sir ! devil's ile, sir.

Maladine. Well, she performed the cure. Call at my lodgings ; you seem well disposed, and may aid me in a little good work. In my absence has death visited the village ?

Jotham. No nat'ral deaths, except the mill horse that died last Monday in the butts.

Maladine. Marriages, of course ?

Jotham. Not one ; now you have come back there will be, I know, two or three, that have been waiting only for you. Squire Elliston's daughter amongst the rest.

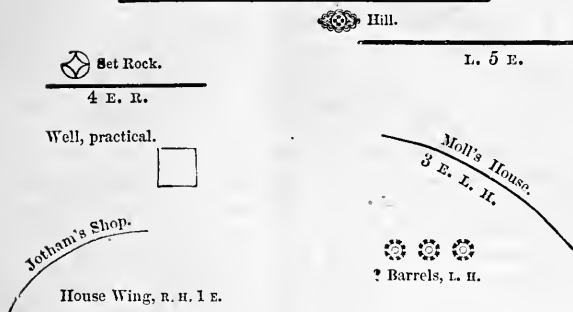
Maladine. If you are not too much engaged, I would like to hear more of this fortune teller, as I am told no one knows her so well as you do. (G.) Good morning, sir ! Let no one suffer while I am in the village ; if money can relieve their wants, or remove the cause of their distresses, come to my house.

Exit, L. H. 1 E.

Jotham. Good day, Squire. I s'pose its right to call a minister Squire. No, it ain't, faith ; his excellency is something of that kind. I'll make Jotham look it out in his spelling book, among the breviations : faith, I forgot to ask him whether he preaches next Sunday ; I've a great mind to follow on and find out : if he does I can let out my pew for double price, and sell lots of new shoes. They'll be so full of doctrine, that nobody will stay at home if he preaches. There's no money made by a town hiring a cheap minister, no more than a slow stage-driver ! Now this man preaches to 'em so fine, that even Moll herself has been to hear him. Well, 'bout this money ; he told me to give it where it was most wanted ; I don't know any body wants it more than I do ! Hard money ! I'll keep it till I find somebody that wants it more than I do. Preaching must be better business than shoemaking, or he couldn't afford to give money awa - so ; however, I needn't say much about it.

Exit, R. H.

SCENE 3.



SCENE III. — *View of Moll Pitcher's House, Lynn. (6 G.) High Rock, L. H. U. E. — On R. H. Wing, part of a two-story, old-fashioned House; near it, 2 E., a set Shop, about 8 feet high; over the Door, Sign, "Jotham Hook, Shoemaker;" U. E. R. H., a high Rock Piece, with Platform, &c. — Set Rock Pieces, &c. — A Well, R. H. 4 E., to work with Pole, &c. — Set Antique House, 3 E. L., Door practical, with a Vane. — Black Cat, practical. — 3 Barrels on L. H. Slow Music.*

A Black Woman enters from House, L. H., and goes to Well; draws a pail of Water, and re-enters, L. H., House.

JOTHAM HOOK, JR., enters from Shop, R. H., with Shoemaker's Bench and Tools; places them R. H. 1 E., and goes to work.

Enter WILLIAM GRAY, R. H. 1 E., crosses to L. H., looks around.

William. Jotham, is your father at home?

Jotham, Jr. (At work.) No, he isn't.

William. When did you see him last?

Jotham, Jr. Just now; I left him talking to the minister — the great minister, I mean; he has just come in town again; so I suppose you will be married. I hope I shall be set up for myself, then I can work for your family.

William. Tell your father I wish to see him. Is Moll at home?

Jotham, Jr. No; look at her cat's tail, — 'tis turned nor'-west; bless you, that's the sign.

William. (L.) That is a vane governed by the wind.

Jotham, Jr. Well, you know how to cipher clean through the book, and so I s'pose you ought to know; but when she is in the house or about the house, the old cat's tail sticks out, sou-and-by-east; I put it down on my journal, and it's true.

William. You know Miss Elliston, Jotham?

Jotham, Jr. Yes, father makes shoes for her, and has ever since she went to academy, — fore father moved here.

William. The ladies are fond of consulting Moll Pitcher; should she visit her to-day, let me know it.

Jotham, Jr. I will, — for nothing, too.

William. I see a crowd of sailors and lasses coming this way; after they have passed I will return.

Exit, L. H. 2 E.

Jotham, Jr. Sailors come to have their fortunes told. The old cat's tail will turn round now.

NABBY enters down Rock, R. H. U. E., comes down, R. C. JOTHAM, JR., has seated himself on Bench, R. H., and goes to work.

Nabby. Good evening, Jotham.

Jotham, Jr. Sit down, Nabby, — take care of the wax, — and look out down the hill; don't let father see you. Making love is better than making shoes, ain't it, Nabby?

Nabby. Yes, Jotham; but I come to tell you that grandma' says you musn't write no more letters to me, and I musn't read no more; so there's your letter you wrote to me; I ain't opened it.

Jotham, Jr. Well, it's hard if young heads ain't as good as old ones! she didn't say I mustn't read it to you. So you pound, now, to make mother think I am at work, and I'll read it.

Nabby. (Pounding.) Well, make haste.

Jotham, Jr. "Dearest Nabby, — Is a shoe a shoe, without the upper leather?"

Nabby. No, indeed.

Jotham, Jr. "Is a shoe any use to a man, without he has another?"

Nabby. No, Jotham, unless he has but one leg.

Jotham, Jr. "Could you cut your yarn with one half a-pair of scissors, Nabby?"

Nabby. No, Jotham.

Jotham, Jr. "You are a sole — a dear sole — I want to be the upper leather — the other shoe — the other half of the scissors! Answer me, and I am yours till the last end of time — wax, bristles, and all.

"JOTHAM HOOK, JR., Shoemaker."

P. S. — "My pen is poor, my ink is pale,
My love to you shall never fail;
I swear it by Moll's cat's tail!"

Nabby. Is that the letter? Grandma' says you shan't come to see me. Don't come again until I tell you a way.

Mrs. Hook. (*Within shop, R. H.*) Jotham! Jotham!

Jotham, Jr. Pound away! Mother is coming; give me the hammer. (*Works.*)

Mrs. Hook. (*Within.*) Jotham, come here; I want you.

Jotham, Jr. (*Going.*) Come again, Nabby, to-night. Coming, mother.

Exit into shop, R. H.

Nabby. Now here's the answer all ready written. I'll leave it on the bench for him.

Puts letter on bench, and goes off, R. H. U. E.

JACK, BILL, TOM, SAILORS and LASSES come on dancing, from
L. H. 1 E., cross to R. H.

Bill. Hallo! Jack. Where does the Mother Pitcher live?

Jack. That's the house.

Bill. Such a voyage as we'll have. Fine ship — good owners — good wages! Stir up the old one, Jack.

Jack. (*Goes to door, L. H., knocks. Black woman enters from house.*) Is Moll at home?

Black Woman. No, massa.

Jack. Not at home, Bill.

Bill. Well, then, heave alongside. Tom, you go and see when she does come, and give us the signal. (*Exit Tom, L. H. U. E., behind Moll's house.*) And, Jack give us the song you wrote about the sea. We'll give you a chorus that would carry away a frigate's topmast.

Jack. Keep an eye on Moll Pitcher; there is no time for singing.

Music. *Moll appears on rock piece, R. H. U. E. "Cat turns sou-and-by-east. TOM re-enters, L. U. E.*

Bill. There goes the old cat. Moll is in sight, somewhere; here she is.

Moll descends, goes to house, L. H., throws her sailor's hat in, looks into house, then comes to front, 2 c., taking snuff.

Moll. Well, is it me you seek?

Bill. (R. H.) Yes, mother; we are all off, and want your blessing. Don't give us such a blessing as the old Henry had — too bad luck for so good an owner.

Moll. The merchant Gray. (*Enter WILLIAM GRAY, L. H. 2 E.*) Young man, I know you. If you have engaged to go to sea, leave not the land.

William. Know you my thoughts?

Moll. I can tell your fortune, without a cup or rod. You love Rose Elliston. If you leave her she never will be yours.

William. What mean you? Again a warning.

Moll. Stay till these are gone. Now, lads, your ship?

Bill. The Venus — a better don't float.

Moll. Her owner's name?

Jack. Jack Rivers, the Quaker.

Moll. Ha! Now will I pay him for his insult to my power! Go not in his ship; if ye do, bid farewell to your wives and your sweethearts. The Venus will leave the port like an eagle, and her grave will be the ocean.

Bill. (R. H.) Do you mean so, mother?

Moll. I do; I know it.

Bill. I don't go in her; my dunnage is safe.

Jack. Nor I; I thought she had an unlucky look

Bill. Hallo, boys, let's go and tell the captain to-night.

Music. Sailors and lassies exeunt, L. H., Gray comes down.

Moll. Now will his Venus wait for men! William, go not far; Rose will soon come to my hut. She is a proud maiden, but she will come to ask her fate of me. You have a rival — a crafty one! Whate'er betides, go not to sea. Her father has refused to keep his word.

William. How know you this?

Moll. It is so: do I not speak the truth?

William. He has given good reasons.

Moll. May it prove so; be near till midnight. (*JOTHAM HOOK enters, R. H. U. E., down L. H.*) Ha! Wiseman Hook, give me your son's service? No answer, or you will *not keep the right side of the old hag long.*

Jotham. (Aside.) Eh! Who told her I said that?

Moll. No reply. Speak not ill of me, or the next storm, or lightning-bolt, shall be my instrument of revenge. (*Going up, r.*) Your hut shall not stand — remember!

Exit into house, L. H. U. E.

William. (R. H., going to him in L. H. corner.) Mr. Hook!
Mr. Hook! (Striking him on shoulder.)

Jotham. Eh! Is that you? I was struck with a thinking fit.

William. I lost you this evening.

Jotham. Yes: well, the minister has come; but that's nothing. I must get my property insured. Moll's heard what I said. I shall expect to see the shingles fly! Don't you tell the insurers what Moll has promised.

William. You do not believe she has the power, do you?

Jotham. Power! She is Satan's agent! She can do any thing. She'd look a fat hog into consumption in five minutes. Look at the poor woman they found dead in the road! she called Moll a sinner; says Moll, Before you get to Salem you'll wish you hadn't said it; — she died. Peter Wilson threw a stone at her cat. What was the consequence? His pigs died, his hens laid rotten eggs, his potatoes never got ripe, and all his children afterwards were marked with a black cat as nat'ral as death.

William. I will try her skill. I'm now going down to the powder house. (*Crosses, L. H.*)

Jotham. Better go to Sam Planes, and see about your cradle and things for housekeeping. I told the minister you was most ready to be married, and he said he was glad to hear it.

William. Would it were the truth! I cannot believe what the woman has spoken. I know Rosalie will visit her to-night. I will wander among the rocks, nor leave this place till I see her.

Exit, L. H. 2 E.

During William's speech Jotham seats himself on bench, takes letter up, and reads.

Jotham. A letter for me? "Dear, loving Jotham," — that's me — "rambles — barn chamber — kiss me — high heels — square toes — O, eh! — gal's clothes!" I'll go — I will, by mighty! I'm the right hook for the gals to hang on. "Meet me here to-night." I will, by the great horn spoon.

Exit, R. H. U. E., over rocks.

Jotham, Jr. (Peeping from shop, R. H., a gun in his hand.) Father's gone! Mother says she will lock me up all night; she says I shall never fire a gun neither! I will, and I'll hide the gun. Where shall I stick it, so no one will find it? I know — in the well; that's a good place; that's where I hide my apples. Father can't say a word agin it, for I'm sure it's well doing. (*Gets into well, R. H. C.*)

VALDEZ enters, R. H. 1 E., disguised as a Countryman. He looks about.

Valdez. That's Moll's house, and this is the shoemaker's. Putney has not come yet. The girl will go a West India voyage, or I'm mistaken.

Jotham, Jr. (Pops head out of well.) I wish that man would go away. I shall have to stay here all night.

PUTNEY enters, L. 2 E., as Moll appears at door of house, L. H., Valdez on R. H.

Putney. (L. H.) Are you Moll Pitcher, the witch?

Moll. (C.) I am the witch! — the two sailors! — and you see the old hag is at home.

Valdez. (R. H.) The devil! come, tell me my fortune; here is a bright dollar for you.

Moll. You will never die on the sea, though you have lived there. Ye are both seamen; you cannot deceive me.

Putney. I want to be rich; tell me the number of the ticket that will draw the highest prize in the lottery.

Moll. I will not do so.

Valdez. Tell me; I'll give you half of it.

Moll. No, not for half.

Putney. What a miser! Why?

Moll. Fools! if I knew, I might have the whole myself.

Valdez. You're no fool. (*Rosalie is seen descending the rock,* R. H. U. E.) Ah! here comes a pretty girl. What lady is this?

Moll. None for thee to know. How? lady! the sea shore and wild rock by night are new places for the footprint of Rose Elliston. What would know of Moll Pitcher?

Valdez. (*Coming down, R.*) Come, mother, my fortune is not told.

Moll. Wait for the maiden. Late hours and lone women are not well. (*Valdez retires.*)

Rosalie. First tell me, has William Gray been here to-night?

Valdez is busied looking about. Putney exit, L. H. 2 E.

Moll. William Gray! Do you mean the merchant, whose ships will soon be on every sea, or the lad of thy heart — he whom thou hast once seen to-night, in a lonely place? thou hadst not left him, but fathers will be cruel; there is no love, no passion, in old hearts. Promises made to be broken are like words written in water.

Rosalie. How know you what you speak? If you can tell this, you can tell more.

Moll. I'll answer thee within. Come, Rosalie. Will thy name be ever else but Rose Elliston?

Exeunt Moll and Rose, 3 E. L.

Valdez. (*Up R. H., comes forward.*) Rose Elliston, that's the name. (*Knocks at cottage, R. H., Mrs. Hook appears at door, E. 2 E.*) Who lives here?

Mrs. Hook. I do, sir. What's your business?

Valdez. I want to see your husband.

Mrs. Hook. He is not at home; come to-morrow; I can't talk to any body, there's such deviltry going on on this hill. Nobody knows who's who, or what's what.

Valdez. If you are afraid I shall harm you, you stay outside, and let me go in alone.

Mrs. Hook. Well, come in. *Exit Mrs. Hook into H. R. H.*

Valdez. Keep a sharp lookout, Putney. (*Who re-enters, 2 E. L.*) *Exit Valdez, house, R. H.*

Putney. I may as well look out for the back part of the house: if Valdez sets fire to the cobbler's shop, in the confusion the girl is ours. *Exit, L. U. E.*

JOTHAM HOOK enters, R. U. E., disguised as a girl.

Jotham. I wonder if Moll would know me.

Jotham, Jr. (In well, R. H.) If Nabby comes, I can't meet her, there's so many folks about.

Jotham Hook L. H., Rosalie comes from Moll's house; Moll standing at door.

Rosalie. Good night; I will remember. (*Is going R. U. E., when the cry of fire stops her.*)

Mrs. Hook. (In house, R. H.) The house is on fire. (*Enters, 4 E. R.*)

Jotham. (L. H., running about.) And all my shoes will burn up. Fire! Fire!

Valdez enters from house L. H., rushes up stage, seizes Rosalie, brings her down, — she struggling with him.

William enters, L. H. 2. E., takes her from Valdez, passes her over, L. H. Putney enters, L. H. U. E.

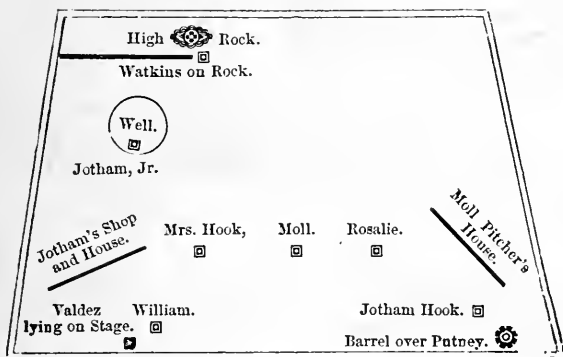
Valdez. Putney, there is but one man; take her; do not fear a woman.

Jotham. I'm no woman, by mighty!

Musie. Jotham stripping off his clothes, L. H. Putney rushes down, seizes Rosalie. Gray attacks Valdez and knocks him down, R. H. C. Moll rushes from house, L. H., strikes Putney over the head with cane, as she seizes Rosalie and drags her up C. Jo-

tham seizes Putney, and puts a barrel over him, on L. H. Watkins appears on Rock, R. H. U. E., Jotham, Jr., points gun at him from well, red fire, &c., in house, R. H. 2 E. Tableau. Quick Act Drop.

SITUATIONS.



E. E.

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *Landscape.*

Enter JOTHAM, L. H., reading a letter.

Jotham. Now, what could the minister want to hire that haunted house for? By mighty, I couldn't live alone in it for nothing! Perhaps this letter was for our Jotham, after all — let me read it again. (*Enter Maladine, R. H. 1 E.*) Ah! I was just coming to see you; what makes you hire that house for? if it ain't asking too much — as it is none of my business?

Maladine. Indeed! Why should I not hire it?

Jotham. Why, it's haunted! There's no horseshoe there.

Maladine. Indeed! that must have been kept a secret then. As I intend to stay some time here, I thought from its appearance it would suit me. I like old-fashioned things.

Jotham. That's more than I do.

Maladine. A friend in a distant town recommended it to me; upon examination, I was delighted with the carvings, the passages: the apartments all seemed exactly fitted for one of my profession, as a solitude in which my leisure might be employed in thoughts of good. 'Tis true I knew not of its being, as you say, haunted.

Jotham. The fellow that owns it shaved you! Have you signed the lease?

Maladine. I have given my word, which I respect as much as my bond. The owner shall lose nothing by me. What is the matter of the trouble its walls contain?

Jotham. There's no telling. Groans! — ghosts! — and dead men. In the war soldiers lived there, and some say there were murders enough committed to make your hair stand on end.

Maladine. I do not doubt your belief in its midnight horrors. I will convince the people of the town of their error. I will live there despite your fears.

Jotham. It's no business of mine! but the ghost has been

seen, when he staid out too late, scrambling over the high wall, afore the sun should catch him out! Nobody ever saw him in the streets, only in the yards of the neighbors. He steals eggs and chickens, and once he got into old Dame Whittle's oven, and stole all the pies and puddings for her thanksgiving dinner. O, it's a fact! When they opened the door, next day, all the back side of the oven was open, and what was left wouldn't have given a fly any trouble to carry off!

Maladine. I hope I shall convince the people that their pastor fears no supernatural ills! Did you take my letter to Mr. Elliston?

Jotham. I did, sir; who do you suppose them men were that tried to carry off his daughter?

Maladine. I cannot imagine; as I understand he has refused to let her be married to — what's the young man's name?

Jotham. William Gray.

Maladine. True — Gray. Perhaps 'twas a plan of his; young men will do rash acts for love.

Jotham. And so will old ones! 'tis a strange business. I'm constable as well as shoemaker. Do you think we shall want a fire next Sunday in the meeting house?

Enter WILLIAM GRAY, L. H. 1 E. JOTHAM retires up.

William. (L. H.) Sir, I am glad I have overtaken you; my only regret is, that we are not alone.

Maladine. (R. C.) Well, sir, you seem as one in haste; what business so pressing have you with me, a stranger, that your good breeding is so far forgotten, as to allow you thus to infringe upon my moments of privacy?

William. I have just left the mansion of Mr. Elliston; once I was there a welcome guest.

Maladine. Likely, young man; what is this to me?

William. Now I am forbidden to enter the house. Her father has said it; to you I owe the disgrace, and to you I come to seek for atonement.

Maladine. Speak more calmly, and keep your temper. (*Jotham comes down, R. H.*) Leave us friend; at my house we will finish the business this young man's presence has interrupted.

Jotham. (R. H.) Yes, sir; there's no danger of their quarrelling — ministers never fight! Young man's mistaken; he wouldn't stop marrying going on any how, more than I would make shoes that would never wear out. No marrying, no christening; it will be all right as two shoes. (*Exit, R. H.*)

William. I am waiting for your answer.

Maladine. I have no further answer; am I to atone to you for an offence, or grievance, that another commits?

William. A few hours since Mr. Elliston considered and treated me as his son. He told me your advice would govern his actions; and nothing but an influence such as you have used would thus have changed him.

Maladine. My calling is that of peace; else I should construe your language into intended insult; which I cannot resent but by forgiveness.

William. Believe me, sir, I regret that your occupation should prevent you acting as becomes a man. Hypocrite! that by artful contrivance would blast the peace of two hearts under religion's guise; and not manhood or courage to satisfy the injured.

Maladine. What I preach I practise; farewell! (*Crosses, L. H.*)

William. We part not thus. If ye cannot do more than speak truth, that shall content me — answer me; did you not advise Mr. Elliston to forbid me the house?

Maladine. Sir, I will not be questioned.

William. You shall, and by me.

Maladine. Then, Heaven forgive my passion, I will not answer.

William. Liar! — priest though you be! Villain.

Maladine. Still am I calm.

William. Will a blow provoke thee?

Maladine. Have a care; attempt no blow! I am but man. I wouldn't injure the reptile that crawls beneath my feet. Let us part. (*Crosses, R. H.*) You may so far forget yourself as to inflict a blow, which if you did, I'd lay you at my feet a corpse.

William. Well done! You speak a man's language, now. I'll try the truth of it! Defend yourself.

Music. Advances to strike. *Moll* rushes on from L. H., and comes between them, raising her crutch cane.

Moll. (c.) Ha, ha, ha! Why stand we three together thus! — a lover! a parson! and a witch! What is the quarrel? William Gray, what have you done to the pious man?

Maladine. Who art thou, woman? Your presence has prevented bloodshed.

Moll. Do you not know me? I'm known in every sea! Moll Pitcher! 'Tis not strange, for I do not know you.

William. Sir, we shall meet again! Beware how you cross the path I tread.

Exit, L. H.

Moll. The lover's fled! the witch and the priest remain. Shall I tell your fortune, or will you preach me a sermon? The witch's trade is mine! the parson's, by your appearance, is yours.

Maladine. No, woman; you have done service to me, and I thank you. I wish not to hear of your wicked trade.

Moll. Wicked trade! tell you my fortune, then, and I will preach you a sermon. Wicked trade! why, I preach unknown things; so do you.

Maladine. Why seek you to impose upon the credulity of man — pretending to unfold what ye do not know?

Moll. For the same reason that you wear that garb. Show me your hand; let me tell your fortune.

Maladine. No, woman! at your age, better thoughts should fill your mind. If you are poor, I will give you charity. What do you ask?

Moll. Nothing from man but a grave, when my time shall come. Man is a betrayer; I live to protect woman. 'Twas not for thee I prevented the blow, but for the maiden whose destiny is linked with him I found to you an adversary.

Maladine. Will their loves be happy?

Moll. Why ask me? But they will. Thy fate and his will not be alike. I have told thy fortune without fee.

Maladine. Do you know me, gray-haired wretch?

Moll. I do. Wretch! Why am I a wretch? Because I hate

thee, and all that wear thy garb. When a maider, the invaders of my native land had compelled my countrymen to retreat. Blinded by the raging flames, 'mid smoke and carnage, was I dragged from friends; and as the burning ruins lighted up the heavens, a leader of their bands, as a priest disguised, would have added violation to his crimes and my wrongs! he is still alive! Vengeance is my prayer: down with me; pray for vengeance. (*Attempts to draw him down.*)

Maladine. You have lost your wits.

Moll. I have not lost my ears. (*Maladine places his hands upon his ears suddenly.*) Ha! 'tis he!

Maladine. Thy name?

Moll. Moll Pitcher! for I was married.

Maladine. Thy name before.

Moll. Come to my hovel, thou shalt know. (*Exit, L. H.*)

Maladine. Has this wretch connection with my former life? Impossible! A shadow 'tis, I fear. (*Is going, R. H.*)

Music. Enter Villagers, male and female, NABBY, ZEB HORN-FOOT, and JOTHAM, JR., from R. H. 1 E.; they all bow and courtesy to MALADINE.

Nabby. Now, Jotham; ask him now.

Jotham, Jr. I will. Mr. Minister, Nabby wants me.

Nabby. No, you want me; that's it now.

Jotham, Jr. Well, I want Nabby, too. It's pleasant weather out now, sir.

Maladine. Very. Bless you, children, bless you. (*Crosses, R. H.*) May you all be happy. (*Exit, R. H.; all bow and courtesy to him till he is off.*)

Nabby. There, now, he's gone; why didn't you ask him?

Jotham, Jr. Well, I was going to. I will, next time.

Nabby. Next time! if you ain't got more spunk than that, Jotham Hook, I don't want you.

All exeunt, L. H., except Zeb, Nabby, and Jotham, Jr.

Zeb. (*Crosses, L.*) Well, Nabby, if he ain't the sort of thing, I'm on hand to suit you. I'm a shoemaker.

Jotham, Jr. Look here, Zeb, you're down to the heel! I'll pitch-pole you into a hole.

Nabby. La! Jotham, if you ain't going to do any thing yourself, don't get mad if he does.

Jotham, Jr. Well, nater's nater. If you'd wait —

Nabby. I shan't wait! You act worse than a sheep. Our old hen would beat you a courtin'.

Jotham, Jr. Well, there's brass and stuff enough in your face to make a kettle big enough to bile hogs' supper in, and sap enough in Zeb's head to fill it chock full.

Zeb. Look here! No sarse, Mr. Hook! (*Crosses, L. H.*) Come, Nabby.

Jotham, Jr. Take her!

Nabby. Good by, Jotham.

Jotham, Jr. Come back here, Zeb, I'll walk through you like a streak of lightning through a gooseberry bush. (*Zeb and Nabby exeunt, arm in arm, L. H., Jotham going, R. H.*) I'll go home! No I won't; I'll go and get drunk. (*Going, L. H.*)

Enter MRS. HOOK, R. H. 1 E.; seizes Jotham by the skirts of his coat.

Mrs. Hook. Where are you a going? Gal hunting, eh? Come home with me.

Jotham, Jr. No, I ain't going a gal hunting: s'pose I be! Didn't you go a feller hunting when you was a girl?

Mrs. Hook. Hold your tongue! Ain't you ashamed of yourself to talk to your mother in this manner?

Jotham, Jr. I tell you I won't stand it; I'm going down to have a drunk, and I won't go home.

Mrs. Hook. Go — that you shan't! you must come home with me.

Jotham, Jr. Give me a pint of rum and molasses.

Mrs. Hook. I'll rum and molasses you. Go home, you young dog, go home.

Beats Jotham, Jr., round stage and off, R. H. 1 E.

SCENE II. — *An old-fashioned Apartment, (third groove.) Do . . in Flat, practicable, R. and L. — Table covered, R. H., and two Chairs ; on Table, Pens, Ink, Papers, Sand-box, a written Letter, Wafer-box and Wafers. — A Flagstaff, with a pike head, against Flat, R. C., with a Cord, and large Bell under Stage to sound when the Cord is pulled. — A Sofa on Stage, C., over third Trap, C., with a sliding Panel in Sofa. — Tumbler of Water on Table, R. H. ; some Books on Table, R. — A large Secretary, L. H. 3 E., in which a secret Panel, practical, with Shelves of Books painted on both sides of Panel alike, to match the other parts of Secretary ; three or four Books on ledge of Secretary.*

Bell sounds, L. H. Enter JOTHAM HOOK, L. H. 1 E.

Jotham. This is the minister's new house. I ain't much skeered of ghosts in daylight. Moll Pitcher always said that men who believed in ghosts were natral fools. I'm on my leather any how ; whenever any thing happens that I can't see through, I always thinks it proper to find out. What's all this ? I hear somebody walking inside this bureau ! O, dear ! there's a ghost in every book. "Simpson on the Soul." O, dear ! if ever they make a book of me, it shall be "Hook on the Body." O, dear ! I wish I was soling it somewhere ! this is a shoe — a scrape, I mean — that I don't want to put my foot into. (*Goes to sofa.*) I'll hide here. (*Opens sofa. Moll puts her head out.*) O, the devil ! I knew there was no horseshoe. Moll !

Moll. Silence ! Where is the minister ? (*Gets out.*)

Jotham. I don't know — minister ?

Moll. He is a devil. Promise me that all you see and hear shall be buried in your heart until I command you to speak.

Jotham. Buried ? I'll bury them so deep, that no one shall ever dig 'em up.

Moll. Even with a golden shovel.

Jotham. I'll never tell nothing by — by mighty ! But what's all about ?

Moll. This passage through which I came leads to the sea shore

Jotham. What, through the oak beams and stone walls? Well, by mighty! if it is —

Moll. Go, and judge for yourself, and quick return; and tell me if a boat is fastened to the rock. I have a deed to do.

Jotham. She's going to make out a deed, and I am to be a witness. How shall I find the way? follow my nose, eh?

Moll. The road is straight; here is my lantern.

Jotham. Well, I've got some business with the minister. I wish I knew what it was all about.

Goes down through sofa.

Moll. I have watched the men here, and I will know their business. Hark! do I not hear voices under the ground?

Retires, R. H. 3 E.

Music. MALADINE comes through secret panel in secretary, L. H. 3 E., closes the panel, and comes down front.

Maladine. So, I am here before them; the spring is true: a strange step! I must give the alarm.

Music. Goes up to flat, R. C., pulls the pikestaff three times; a bell is heard under the stage. *Maladine* comes down, C.; the panel opens in secretary. *Valdez* appears and enters. *Putney* is seen at the opening.

Maladine. (R. C.) You will obey the signal. There are your orders. (*Gives orders.*) Watch his passing the garden; do not fail; give Pietro and Watkins the signal. If the staff is touched the bell will sound. Come, armed and determined, at the sound of the bell. Where is the schooner?

Valdez. Near Charlestown bridge.

Maladine. Have all ready, and bring me word as soon as 'tis accomplished.

Valdez. (L. H.) We know what's to be done.

Valdez goes off through panel in secretary, L. H. 3 E.

Maladine exit into room in flat, L. H.

MOLL enters, R. H. 3 E.

Moll. I must cut the staff from the spring. (*Music. She goes up to flat, R. C., with scissors; cuts the cord attached to the*

pikestaff.) Footsteps! (*A small bell sounds, L. H. 1 E.*) I must not be seen. *Goes down through sofa.*

Enter Mr. ELLISTON and ROSALIE, L. H. 1 E.

Rosalie. (L. H.) Father, I have acted according to your wishes; why this mystery? Why bring me to this old house, which has, since my remembrance, been the terror of the town?

Elliston. I have good motives, my child; the best of motives. Often have I heard you say how highly you prized an unsullied name: on that point is your mind changed?

Rosalie. No; nor can it ever change; my thoughts by day, my dreams by night, my life itself, depend upon your reputation and mine.

Elliston. I'm glad to hear you say so.

Rosalie. Why ask the question now?

Elliston. You know the contents of this paper; you know I have forbid all intercourse between William Gray and yourself. I further add, you must never hope to be his.

Rosalie. You have deceived me, father.

Elliston. I have indeed. Would you wed him if he were in disgrace, or love him?

Rosalie. My feelings are not my own; my acts are under my control. I still must love, even if dishonor prevents our union.

Elliston. I have communicated to Mr. Maladine the situation in which we are placed. He has promised to assist me in detecting the author of that letter. I am here now, for that purpose, that you may with your own ears listen to my endeavors for your good. Concealed you may hear our conversation: your own prudence shall guide you in your decision of my conduct. I hear a step upon the stairs; 'tis he, no doubt. Retire into this apartment; our interview must be brief, as I am compelled to visit Boston to-night.

Rosalie. I would avoid this mystery.

Rosalie goes into door, R. H. C.

Enter MALADINE, L. H. D. F.

Maladine. So you are here before me. Sit down, Mr. Elliston. (*They sit at table, on R. H.*)

Elliston. (*At L. H. of table.*) Have you obtained any clew to the writer of that letter?

Maladine. (*R. of table.*) I have. I have met the man face to face, and from him I learned your danger.

Elliston. Speak not so loud.

Maladine. Twenty years ago, two young men were suitors to the same lady — one named St. Clair, the other Hermond: St. Clair was the successful one, and gained the lady's favor. Thus matters stood. A third was introduced by the lady's father, and soon bade fair to eclipse the one already to the lady promised. A quarrel was the consequence. Two of the parties met for mortal combat. Hermond was slain. St. Clair witnessed the deed, but was sworn to keep the secret. The stranger promised never to seek to win the lady's love. St. Clair made a voyage to India, and returned to find the stranger false! he had carried off the lady, and made her his wife. St. Clair then vowed to bring to justice the murderer of his friend. He traversed sea and land without success, till at last chance led him here. You know the rest.

Elliston. I do. You know the truth; how shall I avoid him? how keep the secret still?

Maladine. Except to kill St. Clair, there is but one other way.

Elliston. Name it: then advise me.

Maladine. Give to me your daughter for my wife, St. Clair shall be removed.

Elliston. Gracious Heaven! she has heard all! I must not proceed. Give me time.

Maladine. No longer time. I have no time to spare. I am scarcely young enough for such a bride. 'Tis an honor to wed a priest — one followed as I am, too.

Elliston. How gained you the information?

Maladine. Look in my eye and ask; have twenty years taken from my face all traces of St. Clair? The gibbet or your

daughter ! For years I have toiled to meet you thus. Your answer now.

Elliston. (*Rising.*) I know not what to say. I will not sacrifice her to a villain ! I did the murder in my own defence. I will not sacrifice my daughter's peace for my life. I have not forgotten the use of arms, nor have you. Come, your life or mine.

Maladine. (*L. H.*) I am content. First give me your written promise of your daughter's hand, and all your wealth. If I survive not, 'tis of no use to me. If you fall beneath my weapon, I have a claim which no man dare oppose.

Elliston. (*R. H.*) I will not give the promise.

(*Rosalie appears at door.*)

Maladine. Then by my hands you shall not die ! I gain more by your life than death.

Elliston. Heaven forgive me, then ! thus do I free myself from your power.

Elliston is about to seize Maladine, as Rosalie comes down, c.

Rosalie. Hold, father !

Maladine. Ha ! this is well ; a listener ! the old adage is well known, but here 'tis in the wrong ; you have heard well ; you know the business here. How answer you ?

Rosalie. That it had never entered my mind that such monsters as thou were things of reality.

Maladine. Come, I waste no time ; the promise, or I denounce you ! (*Elliston starts.*) Remember the word of a priest is sacred.

Rosalie. Father, you placed me there to overhear your words, and counselled me to let my own prudence guide my actions. Give him the promise ; better that I should be a victim than thou ; better that I should go to the altar than thou to the gibbet. Better that I should die than ——

Elliston. My child !

Maladine. Let her speak ; she is a sensible girl. (*Going up to table, R. c.*) There is a promise ; it needs but your signature and the lady's. Here's ink and sand ; come, she shall have a wedding such as becomes a clergyman's bride. (*They retire.*)

Rosalie. (*Comes down, R. H.*) Promises made to be broken should be written in water; a lucky thought — Heaven surely suggested it. (*Aside.*)

Maladine. (*L. H.*) Here is a pen, sir.

Rosalie. (*Takes a pen from the table, and dips it in the water.*) Here, father.

Elliston. (*Sits R. H. of table which is on R. H. C.*) 'Tis your wish, my child. (*Signs.*) 'Tis done. (*Comes down, R. H.*)

Rosalie. (*Signing.*) There's mine. (*Throwing sand quickly over it.*)

Maladine. Well done. One thing more, lady; write to William Gray, in gentle terms, that of your own free will you become my wife.

Rosalie. (*C.*) Must this be?

Elliston. No, not this —

Maladine. Else that avails not. Come with me, my father, until it is done. Use your own time and words; your reputation is mine. I will pass my judgment upon it immediately.

Exit Maladine, L. H. 1 E.; bell sounds. Elliston embraces Rosalie and exit, L. H. The bell sounds again.

Rosalie. (*Sits at table, R. C.*) This surely cannot be real. What shall I say? shall I continue my deception? the end is good. I will — I must. (*Writes.*) "Dear William!" — no, it must not be thus. "Sir!" (*Finishing letter.*) "Rosalie Elliston." He cannot object to that; and in it there is hope. Moll Pitcher bade me beware a priest: I know her meaning now.

Bell sounds. Enter MALADINE, L. H.

Rosalie. There, sir, 'tis done; shall I read it, or will you?

Maladine. My pretty Rose, I will look at it. (*Casting his eye over it.*) 'Tis well! fold it up; and, for precaution's sake, let me seal it. I will hand it to Mr. Gray myself. (*Rosalie, having folded it, hands it to him; he seals it.*) Give it its address.

Rosalie. (*Writes this line with ink, "To Wm. Gray"*) Where is my father?

Maladine. He will not return to-night; business requires that he should leave town till to-morrow. He will attend our wedding. Your friends will visit you as soon as you are to be my partner for life. We shall have no secrets. Choose your apartments; you are too well bred and intelligent to believe the stories invented by me to keep the curious from the doors. Listen! I am the chief of a band of coiners and pirates! Here is our rendezvous! Your fortune is now my fortune; as you keep my secret, so do I keep your father's. Under this disguise I have accomplished all I have undertaken. What say you to my confession? Am not I a candid, honest husband?

Rosalie. All that I see and hear seems a dream; had I read such tales, they had passed belief. Do not think I mean to become your wife: I said I would sign a promise that I never did intend to keep. I never will. I have written what you bade me; the words on the paper and the feelings of this heart are indeed unlike in meaning. You say my father has gone; he is safe, and now you know my determination.

Maladine. You will change your mind.

Rosalie. Indulge the hope if you will.

Maladine. I can, by a word, call to my aid a score of determined men, who will execute my bidding, be it whatsoever it be. (*Going to staff.*)

Rosalie. I am still mistress of myself. (*Crosses, L. H.*)

Maladine. Shall I call them? Perhaps you doubt me.

Rosalie. I do not doubt; a few moments have convinced me that you are scarcely human. I can readily believe you capable of any deed, however vile or cruel.

Maladine. I like thee the better for this coldness; thy sex's weapon generally is a tear. Your eyes are dry and idle.

Rosalie. So are not my thoughts. I do not fear thee, nor all thy myrmidons! My father is safe. Villain, do thy worst.

(*Crosses, R. H.*)

Maladine. Do not provoke my power of ill. A husband's right is mine; you do not know me yet. I have been, in earlier days, one of a conquering army. I have entered cities taken by storm, and revelled in the arms of beauty! The prize

of unlicensed war has been mine. Women's shrieks or lovers' swords have not kept me from my purpose. Succor is as distant as if we stood alone in the earth's centre. (*Seizes Rosalie.*)

Rosalie. My life is a frail thing, nor proof against the bloody weapon that even now I see glistening under your false garments! I tell you, monster, that my honor is safe while life exists! (*Seizes dagger from Maladine's belt.*) Follow me not, violator! murderer! or this steel shall find the pure fountain of life that flows in this bosom. (*Going up to D. F. R.*) Follow me not! Enter the apartment, and I am a corpse.

Exit, R. H. D.

Maladine. Be it so at present, resolute lady! your father dead, the written promise mine, your tone will alter. William Gray must be accused as soon as I hear from Valdez that the deed is done. (*Bell sounds, L. H.*) A visitor. (*Sits himself at table and reads.*) Who comes?

WILLIAM GRAY *enters, L. H.*

William. Sir, has Mr. Elliston been here?

Maladine. I do not wish your presence in my house. I have a letter for you; take it and be gone. I would have no words with you.

William. (*Reads letter.*) "Sir, think not of our marriage. Of my own free will I give you up. Circumstances connected with Maladine have induced me to give the hand and love to him once promised to you. Until these characters fade, or the ink has lost its color, think no more of one that loved you.

"ROSALIE ELLISTON."

Where is she?

Maladine. Where her father's wishes can be complied with. I am her destined husband. Her father's written promise is mine; hers also.

ROSALIE *enters from D. F. R. H.; comes down R. H.*

Rosalie. 'Tis false, William. (*Is going to cross L. H.*)

Maladine. (*Stops her in c.*) You are near enough. No nearer! no nearer!

William. Must I stand idly here, and submit to wrong and insult? I have no weapon.

Maladine. But I have. Your attacks upon my person have rendered it necessary that under even my sacred robe I should wear a defence.

Rosalie. Sacred robe! William, he is ——

Maladine. Silence! or your father's secret is one no longer. Leave the house, sir, or I will call those that shall roughly do my bidding.

William. Rosalie, say you still love me, and my life is but a toy, if risked for thee.

Maladine. Silence, madam! pass not, or you die.

William. No danger shall bar my way! I will protect her at every hazard.

Music. *William rushes across to R. H. C., Maladine draws pistols from belt, is about to fire, when Rosalie takes the centre, and stands between them. Tableau.*

| | | |
|----------|----------|-----------|
| | Rosalie. | |
| William. | ⊗ | Maladine. |
| ⊗ | | ⊗ |

Maladine. I am still between you and a way to escape; attempt to pass, I care not who falls, I will fire! There is your bridal couch; as such I will guard it; (*goes up to sofa, c.*) no one dare aid you. Here within my call are my servants; be wise, young man; leave her to me, without bloodshed. (*Moll, during this speech, enters from couch.*) My weapons are from you now, (*holds the pistols behind him;*) if I raise them again, there will be a death.

Moll. (*Seizing pistols.*) Then you never shall.

Maladine. (*L. H.*) Ha! then must I have aid.

Goes up to staff, R. H., pulls it; it falls. Moll goes down on L. H.

Maladine. (*R. C.*) No bell? who has done this?

Moll. (*L. H.*) Moll Pitcher!

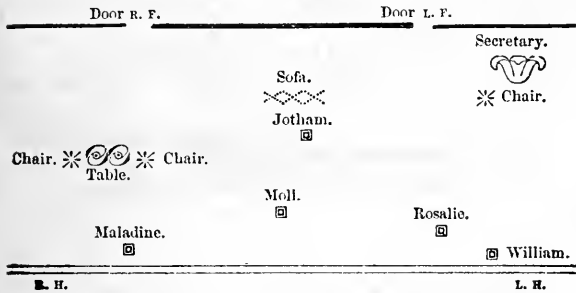
Maladine. Ha! witch!

Moll. Ha! person! (*To William and Rose, on R. H.*) I am between thee and harm. Fly!

Music. *William and Rosalie cross to L. H., Maladine seizes staff, comes down R. H., is rushing across after them; Moll interposes with pistols pointed towards Maladine.*

Jotham. (*Appears in sofa, with a scythe.*) What's it all about?

Tableau. Act Drop falls.

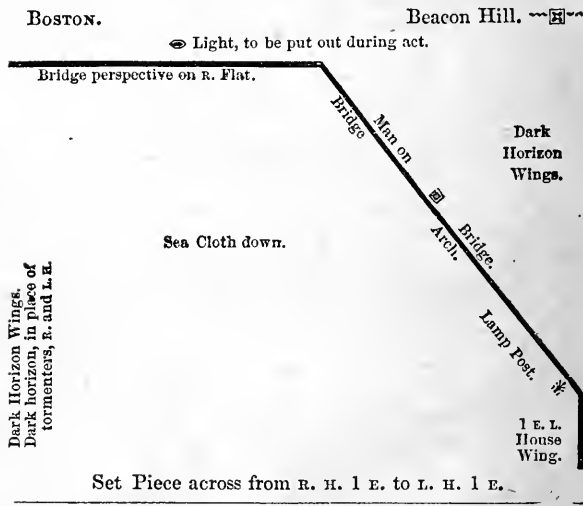


QUICK ACT DROP. *Time, Second Act, 46 minutes.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *View of Charlestown Bridge and Boston. — A Section of Bridge practical, and an Arch for Boat to pass under. — Sea Cloth down. — Lamps on Bridge lighted. — Lights down. — Slow Act Drop. — A Man discovered on Bridge, fishing.*

Slow Music. Bridge and Flat lighted. — Light down. — House Lights down. — Boat ready, R. H. 1 E.



Enter VALDEZ, L. H. 2 E., on Bridge.

Valdez. Good night, friend! (*A pause : louder.*) Good night.

Man. Good night, friend, to you. I'm deaf.

Valdez. Any luck to-night? (*Aside.*) Deaf! Good.

Man. Not much.

Valdez. Why do you fish at this time of night?

Man. I work all day, and at night, when the tide serves, I fish, to help support my family.

Valdez. I will buy your fish, line and all.

Man. (*Hauling up line.*) Agreed.

Valdez. What shall I give you?

Man. Half a dollar, and all is yours.

Valdez. There it is; now for my luck. Do you sell your luck also.

Man. You are welcome to all.

Valdez. Which side of the bridge do you live?

Man. Charlestown.

Valdez. Is there not a watch at the toll house every night?

Man. I believe so.

Valdez. As I passed, just now, there was a man trying to get in. He said the wife of the tollman was taken suddenly ill.

Man. I'll go and see; he is a friend of mine.

Exit, L. 2 E.

Valdez. I believe all is right now. Putney will take care he comes this way, and I'll take care he never shall go back again. If it be true, as the captain says, that this man is in the knowledge of all our secrets, he must die; and I will kill him myself. But first let me be sure there is no one concealed in the vicinity.

Exit, L. 2 E.

Music. A boat, in which are Moll Pitcher and Jotham Hook, comes on, R. H. 1 E.; a mast and sail. Jotham with two oars dragging in the water. Lighted lantern in boat, for Moll. Boat stops, centre.

Moll. Move on.

Jotham. I can't; I'm tired to death; and I wonder the boat ain't tired, too! You told me to row on and hold my tongue; but it's no use; I can't hold on any longer. That sail's no use, except for the wind to blow us backward.

Moll. Keep silent! If you will, take down the sail.

Jotham. (*Takes down sail.*) Let go that main sheet! This

is a voyage I know nothing about. While my wife is snoring comfortably in bed alone, here am I with Moll Pitcher, sailing about the river !

Moll. 'Tis your own fault. I sent for your boy, not you.

Jotham. Why did you not put Jr. on the letter then ? and I should have known.

Moll. Come, take the oars ; my business lies on the other side of the bridge.

Jotham. You're a hard captain, any how ! Lend me a little of your lantern ; my pipe is out.

Moll. Here ! speak lower. (*Jotham takes it.*)

Jotham. Speak lower ! I can't speak much lower.

Moll. Be silent ! Will you do for me all I require ?

Jotham. Well, Miss Pitcher, I don't know ! that's rather a delicate question. I don't know what you want me to do ; I'm a married man, and father to a boy.

Moll. Fool !

Jotham. I must be a nat'ral born fool, or I shouldn't be here ! Will you tell me now what this sail in the dark is about ?

Moll. I will not now.

Jotham. I promised Mrs. Hook some flounders. I've got a line and some bait, and I'm a hook myself. I wonder, while I'm resting, if I could catch a fish ! faith, I'll try. Night's the time for eels ! Where's the line ? Will you bite ?

Moll. Yes I will ; know the truth.

Jotham. The devil ! hallo, stop ! I mustn't swear, or I shall catch no fish.

Moll. The poor girl is sadly troubled.

Jotham. With the tail of a clam, — tiddle de riddy, &c.

Moll. What will relieve her ?

Jotham. Worms — is the best bait for flounders.

Moll. She will be happy.

Jotham. When I have a bite I always pull up.

Moll. I asked her if she had hope, and she replied — Yes, in his love I have.

Jotham. Got a nibble — don't speak ! I'll catch him. Our Jemima and Uncle Sam baited their hooks with the tail of a clam, down long side of father's barn. (*Fishing, &c.*)

Moll. Why do we not go on?

Jotham. Why don't we? Because we are lying still.

Moll. Are you mad?

Jotham. No, I'm fishing.

Moll. Was you born a fool?

Jotham. No, I was born a baby — handsome as a pieter, and just like my father and all the rest of the family. Stop! don't talk: here's a fellow down here getting into a scrape fast. I'm constable — just the fellow for catching any thing. I've heard of getting out of the frying pan into the fire! This fellow will come off worse than that; he'll get out of the water into the frying pan. Our Jemima and Uncle Sam, &c.

Moll. 'Tis near midnight; you are rested now.

Jotham. Rested! I never worked so hard in my life as I have to catch this eel.

Moll. How do you know 'tis an eel?

Jotham. Because I can't catch him! There he is; now I've got him. (*Pulls up.*) He's stole my bait!

Moll. You shall fish no longer.

Jotham. I went fishing once before, with a whole lot of folks, down to the rocks; and I took my Jotham with me. Jotham makes good chowder. It was one Independence day.

Moll. I wish you would speak lower, and do not sing: the tide is ebbing fast.

Jotham. Not sing because the tide is ebbing! Speak lower! I can't speak lower without I go under the water, and if I do that, I shall speak to the fishes! Now, Moll, — that is, Miss Pitcher, — what's this all about?

Moll. You shall know in good time: we are going backwards!

Jotham. Going backwards! Well, that is the only way you can go forwards when you are in a boat! O, dear! look here, I'll mutiny! I'll get out and go home.

Moll. I will be trifled with no longer; you must serve me. Take the oars and work the boat through the bridge, or look at your death.

Jotham. Look at my death! I never like to look into such a looking glass as that; I s'pose I must do as you say. First,

give us a little of your bottle: it's full of good spirits, I know.

Moll. Take it; guzzle as you will, but remember, if you are not sober enough to do all I ask, I will throw you from the boat and leave you to find the land as best you may.

Jotham. If I was full of spirits, there would be too much water for the liquor, by mighty! Well, here goes.

Music. Takes oars, the boat moves through arch, L. H.

Moll evidently anxiously watching.

VALDEZ re-enters on bridge, L. H. 2 E., with a dark lantern. Looks about, &c.

Valdez. I thought I heard voices. (*Listens.*) No; where does Putney stay so long? Putney! (*A whistle is heard, L. H.*) I must pass along the signal. (*Gets up lamp post and blows out light.*) If Pietro sees the coast all clear, he will put out his lamp. (*A lamp near the end of bridge, R. H. P., is seen to darken.*) All's right! So, when our customer is ready, we are ready for him.

PUTNEY enters on bridge from L. H. 2 E.

Valdez. Is Mr. Elliston going to take the walk to-night, Ben?

Putney. We shall have him—I called on him myself. I told him that his friend was anxious to see him in Boston, to-night.

Valdez. Where did you find him?

Putney. At a public house, busy with a lawyer.

Valdez. Nobody knew you.

Putney. Not a soul. He remembers me, but that's no consequence—

Valdez. As dead men tell no tales. Remember, one half the plunder is mine. Where's the stone to fasten to his body?

Putney. It lays against the railing: where's your knife?

Valdez. I have no knife: what need of a knife? it will only make a bloody pond here. Tie him and throw him over,—that's the best way. He will come alone.

Putney. O, yes; I asked him if I should come with him: he said he had nothing to fear.

Valdez. Hark ! what's that ?

Elliston. (*Without*, L. H. 1 E.) Murder ! murder !

Valdez. The work is begun ; lie down until he comes this way.

Music. Elliston enters on bridge, L. H. 2 E., struggling with Watkins, and crying "murder !" Elliston seizes the club from Watkins, and knocks him down.

Valdez. What's the matter ?

Elliston. Ah ! betrayed !

Valdez. Down with him at once.

Elliston. I will sell my life dearly.

Music. Valdez and Putney seize Elliston and drag him to the rail ; in the act of throwing him over, he strikes them down.

Elliston. Help ! Murder ! Help !

Moll. Fool !

Valdez. I will bring him this time ! Putney, hold his hands.

Music. Putney seizes Elliston, Valdez strikes him on the head : Elliston falls.

Valdez. He's ours now ; light up the lamp again, to show our comrades that it's all over.

Putney. Lend us your lantern.

Music. Takes it and goes up to lamp — lights it : the lamp on R. H. F. is now re-lighted.

Valdez. Listen, Putney ! do you hear any thing ?

Putney. Not a sound but the splashing of the water.

Valdez. I'll empty his pockets while you stand ready to strike him if he recovers. Here's his watch ; there's his purse ; there is another — that will do — gold ! Putney, gold ! Now tie his hands.

Putney. Have you left the paper, as you was ordered ?

Valdez. Well thought of ; here it is. (*Drops letter.*) He has bled a little ; where's the stone ? He'll be missing some time before he is found. Tie his feet, Putney.

At this time, the boat is seen to return very slowly and remain under the bridge ; Moll and Jotham listening.

Valdez. Move one of the rails — 'tis loose ; if we lift the body, we get blood upon us. How deep is the water here ?

Putney. Deep enough to hide him from the sight of man. Come, fasten the stone.

Valdez. Now ease the body into the water, and when it is safe, let go the stone. Come, bear a hand!

Music. *They, having tied the rope round Elliston's waist and legs, remove the rail and lower the body down slowly; at the same time the boat moves from under the bridge, and receives the body.*

Moll. Save him! save him!

Valdez. What was that? Let him go, and pull the stone over, when he is ready, himself. Come, let us go on board the schooner.

Music. *Valdez and Putney exeunt, 2 E. L. H., taking with them the body of Watkins. Moll and Jotham untie the rope round the body of Elliston.*

Moll. Let me see his face. (*Jotham holds lantern.*) 'Tis Mr. Elliston — the father of Rosalie. This is the minister's work. The witch shall bring him to punishment. Come, hasten to the shore for assistance.

Music. *Jotham takes the oars, and is rowing off, R. H., as the act drop descends.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *The Cabin of the Death, 2 G. Doors in c., practical.*

VALDEZ, PUTNEY, and four SAILORS enter, 2 E. R. H.

Valdez. (L. H.) Putney, I think we have worked long enough for our captain's purpose. Since the last job, he seems to be an altered man. He slept on board last night, and when I went to his berth to wake him, he was talking in his sleep.

Putney. I've heard enough of talking in his sleep! When are we to get rid of our dollars? Our agent is in a hurry, and so are we; our captain preaches too much.

Valdez. Did you find out who that was, cruising round under the stern of the schooner? (*Footsteps heard.*)

Putney. No. Hark! what step is that on deck? 'Tis the captain, and by the sound, in a rage.

Music. MALADINE enters from C. D., in a passion, not noticing the others on stage. Comes down C.; PUTNEY and four men retire up R., VALDEZ L. H.

Maladine. Am I foiled at last? Despite my vigilance, they elude me still. One point, at least, is gained. Elliston and Maladine no more shall cross each other in this world. Valdez, have you gained no tidings yet?

Valdez. (*Comes down, L. H.*) None! The dollars are ready.

Maladine. Sink the dollars! Buried in the depths of the ocean be all thoughts of gain! Dare not speak to me of aught but the great work that was so well begun, and now is come to nought. All my dreams of vengeance, the work of years, tumbled into ruin by a woman's cunning or devil's power. (*Crosses, L. H.*)

Valdez. Well, captain, we have worked hard and risked much for you, and we want a little pay now.

Maladine. Murderers, silence! would you hasten the doom

you merit? shall I give you to the gibbet? Peace! talk not of money.

Valdez. You will not betray us. We are sure of that!

Maladine. Why will I not?

Valdez. Did we not swear an oath that if any one of our oand betrayed to the laws the other, no wall so strong, no night so dark, but a comrade's steel, held in a strong hand, should find the heart of him who would become state's evidence.

Maladine. (L. H.) True! we did swear. I will not denounce you. I did not mean it.

Valdez. Captain, I will keep the oath. Here's the knife, and there's the arm, that will be ready to take the traitor's blood.

Maladine. 'Tis well! On shore again. The officers are ready to seize the man Gray, if he can be found. The papers left on the spot, and other circumstances, will insure his conviction and death.

Valdez. Come, lads, we will to the shore. Captain, you can trust us. Don't let the women make a traitor of you.

Exeunt Valdez, Putney, and four men, 2 E. R. H.

Maladine. They may accuse me. I will not trust my life in the words of man. I deceive — why should not they? Poor worms! that have slaved for — murdered for me; and, if need be, shall die for me. Death itself I fear not; it must come to all. I am dead already; my own home is disgraced. *Am I not a marked, mutilated man?* The witch talked to me of ears! By that mark I may be known; the wind that refreshes in the summer's heat may disclose the secret! — a secret that the grave cannot hide until my body is itself consumed. The thought maddens me! It fills my brain with fire — but 'tis a fire that consumes not. Rage on, ye flames! burn! — burn! — till reason is seared and blasted in its seat of power; or, like the alchemist's ordeal, make my thoughts more subtle still. The pains of hell, that are to bar the next world's bliss, I care not for; I'd purchase the dear pleasure of one hour's mastery over the virtue of her I seek, with an eternity of torture among the damned!

Exit, R. H.

SCENE II. — (*First Groove.*) *An Apartment in the House of Mr. Elliston.*

Enter JOTHAM HOOK, L. H. 1 E.

Jotham. Well, this getting married does make business, by mighty! If I was to tell all I know, how slick it would sound! It wouldn't go no further; but Moll says I mustn't tell her that her father's dead, till after the wedding's over. I wonder where the minister is, Mr. Maladine. I forgot, I'm to ask no questions, and to give no answers; some things have leaked out afore the wedding that is going to be, and some will leak out afterwards. Well, I've made the wedding shoes, and that's all I know about it. There's a new minister going to tie the knot, and — (*Enter William Gray, R. H. 1 E.*) I wish you joy, Mr. Gray. Why, where have you kept yourself? Church is open, all ready to be married. How do you feel, about now? Don't you feel you don't know how like, eh?

ROSALIE enters in bridal dress, R. H. 1 E.

Rosalie. William!

William. In tears? (*Crosses centre.*)

Rosalie. This hasty marriage, and in my father's absence! Wait his return.

William. Dear Rose, it is you I am to marry, not your father. He dare not give his consent: the ceremony over, his refusal is of no avail.

Jotham. Well, I've got the church ready. I ain't particular, myself, how it is. If I was you, miss, I'd get married and have it over. I was kind o' bashful, at first, but I've got used to it; and I'd as lief be married every day as not, or twice a day, if I could afford it.

Rosalie. William, it is not right to wed without a parent's blessing. I give up all for you; those that love me should for the last time —

Jotham. Ah! miss, don't trouble yourself about your father, if that's all; he won't — ch! I liked to have made a hole; however — “rips mended gratis.”

Rosalie. I will not go to the church; let the minister come here, under my father's roof; as he is absent, I will keep my promise.

William. Ask Mr. Merton to attend us here, Mr. Hook.

Jotham. I will, Mr. Gray, and all the folks in town, too. They all want to see the wedding: it ain't every day such a slick pair are tied together. I didn't tell them who was going to be joined, exactly; but, says I, the handsomest girl and the handsomest feller —

William. The clergyman will expect you, Mr. Hook; we do not wish to keep him waiting.

Jotham. I'll go, and there'll be fun to-night: we'll give the new-married folks a serenade, — horns, bass drums, fiddles, &c. She does look slick; but if she knew about her father, it would change matters. Getting married does make a feller feel singular; but it's nateral, and so I s'pose it's right.

Exit, L. H.

Enter NABBY, R. H.

Nabby. Miss, if the ladies and gentlemen come here, shall I ask them to stop till you get back from the meeting house?

Rosalie. We do not go to church, my good girl; the ceremony will take place here.

Nabby. Well, if you please, ma'am, may Jotham and I look through the keyhole and see how you get married? I would not speak a word, only Jotham Hook and I are going to get married, and if I should see it done first, I should do better myself.

Rosalie. Jotham Hook? he is already married.

Nabby. O, no, ma'am; not old Jotham! I mean young Jotham, — Jotham, Jr.

William. If it will afford you any gratification, you may be present with all the household.

Nabby. Thank you, sir. I'll tell Jotham, and fix myself all up nice.

Exit, R. H.

Rosalie. William, my father's silence is strange.

William. It is! But Mr. Maladine's power over him to me is much more strange. Do you know the cause?

Rosalie. Ask me not, William. It must remain a secret. I am acting now in obedience to your wish; if my conduct seems a mystery, wait for my hand till time makes all clear. I cannot speak a word of the influence you refer to: there is my hand—my heart goes with it; the secret you can only know when I am a wife.

William. I would not resign what thus you give me, even if life should be the cost of possession. Tell me but this; whom did I overhear in conversation with you, last night, in the garden?

Rosalie. Moll Pitcher!

William. I might have listened to your conversation. I did not doubt you; and if I had, I would not have meanly played the spy.

Rosalie. All she said you may know. "Be married ere to-morrow," were the words, "for Maladine will prevent it, if he discovers where you are." Our friends are coming.

Enter JOTHAM, L. H.

Jotham. I've been to the minister's. He will be here directly. I just met the old minister, Mr. Maladine. I itched to tell him he had lost a good job. I know something—but I daresn't tell it! Miss, if any thing should happen hereafter, remember I said I knew something.

William. If it concerns my welfare, or this lady's, tell it now.

Jotham. I daresn't! Moll Pitcher has clapped a patch over my mouth. I carry something in my breeches pocket on her account, and when I go to bed, I put it under my pillow: here it is. (*Takes out horseshoe.*) I advise you, Miss Elliston, to get one, too. It's a witch killer. Get one off the horse's hind leg.

William. (*Crosses, R. H.*) Come, Rosalie, your bridesmaids will be waiting,—come: after the ceremony I must see you, sir. Come, Rosalie.

Exeunt, R. H.

Jotham. How I do hate to keep secrets! there'll be the devil to grind, and nobody to turn the grindstone. I shouldn't wonder if they didn't get married after all.

Enter JUSTICE TONGUESEND, L. H.

Justice. Mr. Hook, where is Mr. William Gray?

Jotham. Ah! Mr. Justice Tonguesend, are you invited to the wedding?

Justice. What wedding, sir?

Jotham. Why, Mr. William Gray and Miss Rosalie Elliston. I was posted up on the church door, you know.

Justice. The wedding will not take place.

Jotham. What makes you think so?

Justice. The reasons will not be made public yet. I have an appointment here with a gentleman; will you show me to a room where I may write in private?

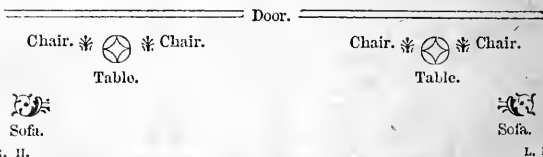
Jotham. I will, sir.

Justice. As constable, I may need your aid.

Jotham. This way, sir. Mr. Elliston's little room is open. I'll show you the way. I wish Moll would let me speak.

Exit, R. H.

SCENE III. — *A handsome Apartment, with C. Doors. — Table and Chairs, R., Table and Chairs, L., Sofas, R. and L. — Fruit, Cake, Wine, &c., on Tables, R. and L., Wine Glasses, &c. — Candelabras on Table.*



Music. *Enter, from C. D., LADIES and GENTLEMEN, with NABBY, JOTHAM HOOK, JR., and MRS. HOOK. LADIES and GENTS., R. H., NABBY, MRS. HOOK, JOTHAM HOOK, JR., L. H. When LADIES and GENTLEMEN are on, JOTHAM HOOK enters R. D., showing in MR. MERTON, who comes centre.*

Mr. Merton. Where are the parties to be married?

Jotham. All ready, sir, and willing.

WILLIAM enters from C. D., comes down R. H. MERTON meets him and shakes hands.

Merton. The bride that will be ?

Jotham. (L. c.) Here she comes, too, sir. Now marry them quick, Mr. Merton, and put 'em out of their misery.

Mrs. Hook. Be decent, Mr. Hook. Here comes Rosalie.

Music. ROSALIE enters, R., veiled, attended by two BRIDESMAIDS. MERTON crosses, R. C., and takes her hand.

Merton. Where is thy father, Miss Rosalie Elliston ?

Rosalie. At this moment I do not know.

Merton. Nor you, Mr. Gray ?

William. His absence is necessary : let that suffice.

Merton. 'Tis well. (Crosses, L. c.) Before proceeding to consecrate this union, I ask, does any one know a just cause why the marriage between William Gray and Rosalie Elliston should not be solemnized ?

MALADINE enters, C. D., with Justice TONGUESEND and two OFFICERS, down L. C.

Maladine. I do know a cause, and assuming a right the lady knows I possess, do forbid you to proceed.

Rosalie. William !

William. (R. c.) He has no right ; proceed.

Maladine. If he dares. When Miss Elliston is possessed of the nature of my business here, she would as soon take a serpent to her bosom as that villain ! In the first place, she is mine by her father's promise. Officers, your duty ; there is your prisoner. (Two officers advance, R. c., and seize William.) Your father has been murdered ! and there stands his murderer.

Rosalie. Murdered ! William !

Maladine. Yes, murdered ! 'tis well known to all that Mr. Elliston refused to give his consent to this union ; in revenge for which act of duty, that man has taken his life.

Merton. How know you this, Mr. Maladine ?

William. If he is murdered, where is the body ?

Maladine. It has not been found. A pool of blood, the hat last worn by Mr. Elliston, and papers which once belonged to William Gray, with a weapon, were found upon Charlestown bridge, and are in my possession.

William. A plot contrived by thee, villain! I have not left the town for some days.

Maladine. On these proofs, I charge him with the murder, and will appear with more in time.

Merton. I cannot judge in the matter, but under these circumstances I must suspend the ceremony. Bear the lady hence; she would not marry her father's murderer.

Rosalie. What is it I have heard? My father dead!

Maladine. It may be that the crime lies on her heart. She may have instigated the murderer to the hellish work.

William. Sir, I have not yet denied the charge — overcome with wonder. I know not what to say, but this, — I knew not of his death, much less did I ever in thought conspire against his life.

Maladine. I demand his arrest and quick conveyance to prison, there to await his trial and doom. The death of her father leaves to me the guardianship of the lady. Bear him hence.

Officers are taking Gray off, c.; MOLL enters, c. d., stops them.

Moll. Stir not, one of you.

Maladine. Ha! woman! would you attempt to shield a murderer?

Moll. (Comes down c.) He is no murderer. Villain! I know thee, and can prove his innocence. Men of power, release that man. (*Officers release William.*) A gang of coiners, plunderers, and robbers have but now been seized; there stands their chief; secure him; I will prove all I say.

Ladies and Gentlemen.

□ □ □ □ □
□ □ □ □ □

Two Officers.

□ □

William. □

Rosalie. □

Moll.

□

Jotham.

□

Mr. Merton.

□

Maladine.

□

Maladine. Have they betrayed me? I, a servant of the Lord, to be thus traduced by a wretch like this! Sir, I appeal to you.

Merton. (L. c.) Woman, your charge is a grave one, and cannot be listened to without some stronger evidence against my good brother here.

Moll. Indeed! First, then, I will prove this young man is innocent of murder.

Rosalie. Do that, for all else I care not.

Moll. He and his accomplices contrived the murder. I was near when it was committed.

Maladine. (*Aside.*) Shall I take her life? no! but as a last resort. — Produce your proof.

Moll. I will; come in. (*A man enters from C. D., completely hidden in a cloak, comes down C.*) Ask of him who would have murdered the father of the girl.

Maladine. I will: speak, unknown; who is the guilty one?

Elliston. (C., *throwing off disguise.*) Thou, villain; thou: chord!

Rosalie. (*Crosses, R. c.*) My dear father. (*They embrace.*)

Moll. (I. c.) Ah! what think you of my power? I can raise the dead.

Jotham. (*Coming down L. c.*) There's no use of a horseshoe where she is, by mighty! (*Retires up and sits on sofa, L. H.*)

Maladine. Well, sir, I'm glad you still live. My position is unaltered yet. Your wealth is mine, — houses, lands, and gold, — and your daughter's hand! I claim it — I claim all; and instantly.

Elliston. (R. c.) True, my life is scarcely worth preserving. Yon woman saved me from a watery grave, and thus far has rescued me from the snares of as great a villain as exists on earth. My murder was intended.

Merton. Mr. Elliston! (*To Maladine.*) Is this true, brother?

Jotham ☐ on Sofa.

Moll.

Elliston.

Rosalie.

☐

☐

Mr. Merton.

William. ☐

☐ Maladine

☐

☐

R. H.

L. H.

Maladine. It is. No miracle can take from me the right I hold. Give her to me, and quick possession of this house.

Merton. (L. c., next to *Maladine*.) Produce the promise!

Maladine. (L. c.) 'Tis here. I have worn the precious document next my heart, signed by the father and the daughter: this is my grand weapon! from riches and power I bring him to poverty and dependence; there, let it not pass from your hands; there —

Merton. (Opens and reads.) There are here no names; a blank space, but no signatures

Maladine. How, witch! is this your work?

Moll goes down, puts on spectacles, looks over the promise; taking the paper from Mr. Merton examines it, and laughs.

Moll. Ha, ha, ha! 'Tis your grand weapon, deceiver!

Elliston. What does this mean?

Rosalie. I dipped the pen in water; the sand gave it the appearance of ink; the thought was from Heaven. 'Twas a holy cheat; the deceiver was himself deceived.

Maladine. (L. H.) Ten thousand devils!

Jotham. (Coming down, L. c.) Why, minister, I should like to hear your text next Sunday: I'll tell you a good one—"They shall seek me, but they shall not find me." (*Retires up stage.*)

Maladine. Enjoy the triumph for the moment! a secret of former days must now be known; no crime is laid to my charge. Mr. Elliston, will you renew that promise?

Elliston. Never! I despise you; do your worst! In a moment of weakness —

Maladine. The dangers that threatened then threaten now. Rose Elliston, you once advised your father well; advise him now. Fix to that paper your names again, or I go — and — and — it is too late.

Maladine is going off, L. c.; Jotham stops him

Jotham. Stop, minister! you can't go, because Moll says you are captain of the coiners! I'm constable, you know.

Maladine takes L. c., Jotham sits L.; Moll beckons

Valdez on, from C. D., in the charge of two officers.

Maladine. How ! Valdez ! Will he betray ? I must do it first. I deny the charge, and thus publicly, Mr. Elliston, charge you —

Elliston. Hold, sir !

Moll. Let him speak. This man here —

Maladine. (*To Valdez.*) Would betray me ?

Valdez. (*Up stage, in c.*) No ; I would not. I have said not a word. The schooner is taken, and I — —

Maladine. I must do justice : that man is chief of the coiners ; he swore —

Valdez. And he will keep his word. (*Fires, Maladine falls.*) Traitor ! I promised you steel ; you have got lead ! Let the lead and your heart's blood settle the difference.

Maladine. Foiled in all ! Elliston, I'm dying ; scarcely a moment's mine ; come, let us part in friendship. I have been thy foe ; give me thy hand.

Elliston. I cannot refuse a dying man.

Gives his hand, Maladine draws weapon, attempts to stab him ; is prevented by Moll, who takes dagger.

Maladine falls, L. C.

Maladine. (*Moll watching Maladine.*) Who art thou ? My disgrace, my death is thine !

Moll. One word, my name, will bring past years before your dying sight. When my eyes were bright, my form straight and comely, my hair raven tresses, my heart pure, you knew me well. Who told thee, years ago, thy death, if not one of ignominy, would be one of shame and violence ? Did I not say a traitor's death should be thine ? Who was the prophet ?

Maladine. The past is floating by — Mary Diamond —

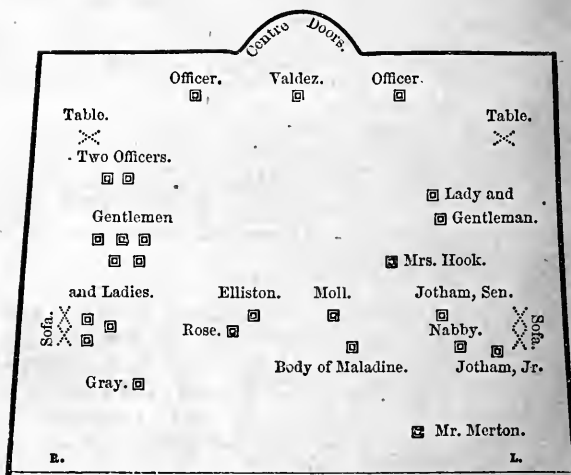
Moll. And Moll Pitcher are the same. Seducer ! the judgment has come. I am she.

Maladine. Speak no more ; the name has lifted the veil of eternity. I am a violator and a murderer ! O that the black gulf that now yawns to receive me would close upon me forever ! The hand of Death is here : his icy grasp is on my heart ! I will annihilate the scourge. Come, Death, the vanquisher — come on — let us grapple ! Ha ! — victory ! —

death! Mercy! — keep him from my throat! — mercy! mercy! mercy! (Dies.)

Music. Elliston joins the hands of Rosalie and William. Moll looking at the body of Maladine. Valdez in the background, in charge of officers. Jotham, Jotham, Jr., Mrs. Hook, and Nabby, L. H. The ladies and gentlemen R. H. and L. H. The curtain slowly descends on the group.

SITUATION.



THE END.

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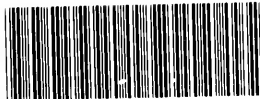
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